

THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

THE ROAST TURKEY.

A gentleman in one of the eastern towns of Massachusetts, had a servant in his employ, who gave him not a little trouble on account of the complaints he made on the subject of his victuals. As is usual in many families, whatever remained from the table of the dining-room was placed upon that in the kitchen—the inmates of the latter fared in all respects as well as those of the former, with the exception of their being the last served. The gentleman of whom we speak, took special pains that there should be no lack of provisions for the supply of all in his house, and was therefore at a loss to understand the grounds of the complaint thus made by his servant.

One day as he was passing through the kitchen, an opportunity presented itself for making some inquiries on the subject. While the other servants were partaking of their dinner with a keen relish, Sam, the disaffected servant, was tasting of it as reluctantly as if poison had been mixed with his food.

"How is it, Sam," said the gentleman, "that you are dissatisfied with your living—you fare the same as I do, and yet are not contented?"

"I know it," said Sam, who was fresh from the country, "but then I guess you are a little more fonder of corned-beef than I be, to make a meal of it so often!"

"Corned-beef!" said the gentleman, "I am indeed very partial to that dish, and am sorry that it is not equally agreeable to your taste—but since you are so fastidious, tell me what dish of all others you would prefer, and you shall be entertained with it."

"Why, roast turkey, to be sure," quoth Sam, "I guess I aint seen nothing of that sort this many a day!"

"And do you think, Sam, you would be contented to fare on roast turkey every day?"

"I guess, miester, if you'd only try me, you'd think so—nothing I relishes so hugely as roast turkey!"

"Well then," said the gentleman, "to-morrow you shall be gratified—a turkey shall be roasted for your special benefit—no one but yourself shall partake of it, and you shall eat of no other meat till the turkey is gone."

"By gumption!" exclaimed Sam, "I agree to that willingly."

The next morning the gentleman went into the market and purchased the largest and fattest turkey he could find, and sent it home with directions to be roasted and placed upon a separate table for Sam. In this he was strictly obeyed—the turkey was stuffed and roasted in the best style, and when Sam made his appearance at dinner hour, he found it smoking on the table which had been set for his sole occupation.

"By gaudy now! if that aint curious though!" said Sam, drawing up a chair to the table, at the same time smacking his lips and feasting his eyes upon the scene before him. Forthwith he attacked the turkey in his own fashion, cutting a slice here, and a slice there, just as inclination led him, without undertaking the slow and tedious operation of carving it, and having finished his dinner, he stretched himself out with the self-complacent air of an alderman. The next day the turkey was again served up as before, upon which, and upon which alone, Sam made his dinner with apparent satisfaction. The third day, when the gobbler, shaved of his pinions and his exterior, was placed upon table, Sam was not quite so prompt in commencing operations. Casting a wishful glance at his fellows, who were regaling themselves to a variety of dishes, Sam offered to exchange with them a portion of his turkey for a slice of beef. But to this proposition, having received instructions how to act in such an event, they all declined acceding, so that Sam was forced to make out his meal upon the cold carcase of the turkey.

The fourth day and the fifth came and departed, and found Sam still at work upon his turkey, more than two thirds of which was now consumed. He was by this time heartily sick of his bar-

gain—pride prevented him from making complaint, while hunger compelled him to eat of what had become an object of disgust and loathing. At the end of a week's time, the turkey was reduced to a mere skeleton, and Sam was thanking his stars that he should soon see no more of it, when his master entered the kitchen and found him at his last meal.

"Well Sam," said he, "I see you've about finished the first turkey—it is high time for me to look out for another."

"What, another?" echoed Sam, "another turkey! you dont think a man can live on nothing but roast turkey, do you?"

"Certainly, I think you can—you cannot find fault with roast turkey—it is a dish of your own choosing."

"I knows it—I knows it!" said Sam, "but who would have thought of turkey to day, and turkey to-morrow, and turkey next day, and turkey every day—why, I'd as lief feed on corned beef at that rate, and a little liefser!"

"But, Sam, you are neither satisfied with living as I do, nor with living as you prefer yourself—neither with corned beef nor with roast turkey—what shall I do in such a case?"

"Oh! any thing! I'll feed on roast cats—roast dogs—any thing but roast turkey—I cant go that—dont make me eat another."

"Well then," said the gentleman, "if you think you can content yourself to fare as I do—to take pot luck when I take pot luck, and roast turkey when I do, and if you can do so without complaining, I consent that to-morrow you return to your old way of living."

"Oh yes, I consent to any thing," said Sam—"any thing but roast turkey." D.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

MESSRS. EDITORS, The following amusing narrative was in substance communicated to me a few weeks ago, by a highly respectable clergyman of the Baptist denomination; should you consider it worthy a place in the columns of the Constellation, be pleased to give it an insertion.

A farmer residing in the State of Vermont, who had from his infancy been confined to his own immediate neighborhood, and whose mental cultivation, and historical knowledge were about as limited as his travels, determined for his own satisfaction to make a tour for the purpose of seeing for himself what he had heard so much talk about, viz.: The "salt water." The person in question, whose name is Joshua W—, and his wife Nancy, set about calculating the probable expense of the journey upon the most economical plan; whereupon they found, by accumulating all the products of their farm, which they could conveniently dispense with, would afford them adequate means for the purpose. They immediately commenced collecting together a little of every thing mentionable, the catalogue of which would exhaust the patience of a Job to examine; but suffice it to say, such an omnifarious and heterogeneous mass never was, since the days of Noah's ark, seen under the whole canopy of Heaven. When their arrangements were completed, they started, and after a few days' travel, they safely arrived at the beautiful town of Providence, which being the nearest "sea-port;" at this market they disposed of their articles of trade at a price much exceeding their expectations, and being somewhat elated at their unparalleled success, they felt fully prepared to incur the additional expense of returning home by the way of New-York. They consequently took passage on board one of the elegant steamers which ply between this city and Providence, and after a few hours of pleasant sailing they found themselves near Point Judah light, (a place generally rough, and but few ever escape being sea-sick,) the nearer the vessel approached the point, the motion of the vessel increased, and Joshua began to betray much uneasiness and solicitude on account of a strange feeling he then experienced, which before he had not been accustomed to; and shortly he became so much alarmed, that he loudly exclaimed, "Captain, I'm dying! I never felt so to home in all my life!" At this strange exclamation the attention of the passengers was directed towards the unhappy and distressed Joshua, and he was approached by one, who endeavored to console him by stating that his mysterious indisposition proceeded from the motion of the vessel; this explanation had no tendency to satisfy him; he was then requested to look around and see

how many were in the same situation. To the great astonishment of Joshua, he discovered that others were in the same predicament, and asked "if they all would die, and if it was possible for them to live until they got to New-York!" these, and the like interrogations were favorably answered by a gentleman standing near; but it had not the effect to satisfy his mind, nor to alleviate his painful sufferings—his sickness increased—and he became more established in the opinion that his days were about to be finished; desiring, as he honestly supposed, for the last time to see his wife Nancy, unaided, he sallied forth to the Ladies' cabin, and on opening the door, through the motion of the vessel, Joshua fell prostrate on the floor. The occupants of this department, many of them not having on their customary habiliments, were not altogether prepared to receive visitors; and simultaneously demanded his removal from among them. Agreeably to the request of the ladies, two men took him unceremoniously by the legs and drew him out, to the great amazement of all present.

At this crisis Joshua called upon the Captain "to set him on shore;" the Captain replied that it could not be done very conveniently. "Yes you can," said Joshua, "right yonder where that tall house stands, (pointing towards the light house) go right in there, and I and Nancy will jump ashore." The Captain assured him that it would be neither prudent nor safe to touch within thirty rods of the shore, and told him that he had better proceed on, as he had paid his passage. Joshua finding the Captain immovable, was persuaded to believe, that by offering him some consideration, he would unhesitatingly comply with his request, and offered the Captain twenty dollars: the Captain again assured him, that his importunities would have no effect, and that he might as well reconcile himself to his situation, for even if he had a disposition to set him on shore, it could not be done with safety by the small boat. The steamer soon got into the Sound, and as soon, Joshua's health was restored, to the great joy of all on board, and the remainder of the voyage he remained quite mute.

On his arrival to this city, the next morning, he jumped on shore, and called all the passengers to witness what he was about to say. "Gentlemen, one and all, you seed me almost dead yesterday, you wouldnt put me out on the shore down there at the tall house, but had the monstrous badness, all of you, to laugh at me when I was in that fit, and I guess you'd done so, if I'd died:—now I tell you, gentlemen, not as long as the sky moves on the axes—not as long as I live—and by all Vermont—by my fam! by the holly goky! no, I will not! nor never will be cotched aboard your Smoke Boat agen, so that's an end on't."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SMOKING.

AN "UNWRITTEN" COMFORT.

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled Round Jonathan's head, that a Spanish was near."

When we take into consideration the unremitting assiduity with which the pleasures of smoking, in all their varieties, have been pursued—when we reflect upon the millions that have, and do, and will bow to the segar, the pipe, and the calumet—we are pervaded with an ecstasy of grief and astonishment, that the Philosophy, and even the poetry, of this exquisite science have been so scantily unfolded. It is true, (concerning its poetry,) that we have occasionally been gladdened by a few strains in its praise; but, alas! they were

"Like angels' voices, short, and far between!"

Those active minds who might at times have felt the moral influence of a segar or pipe, doubtless enjoyed its superficial delights; but they may be compared, I think, to the novice in music; who, as he draws his bow, exults over the few delightful, but unconnected sounds he produces, and kens not of the mine of melody his instrument contains, till science has taught his hand to find it.

It is an universally received opinion—and if the veteran Mr. Locke had not demolished the doctrine of "innate ideas," would be considered one—that "the end of all knowledge is happiness." Our conclusion then must be, that all philosophers, and as well every one else, are in pursuit of this hitherto supposed phantom: and herein lies our solvent of that else unaccountable problem, viz.: The scant unfoldings of the Philosophy and Poetry of the Fumigating science. Those who launched their barbs into the stream of

knowledge, were spirits of too active a sort ever to dream of steering to so humble a port as ours; but on they toiled in their vain pursuit, and found every thing else save the object of their wishes. Or if they found it, it was in those moments when "Hope deferred had made the heart sick," and they had returned to their pipes like the contrite prodigal, and filled the care dispelling bowls, (pipe bowls,) and thought of—nothing!

The illustrious Hans Von Doboobas, Professor of Fumigation in the University of Göttingen, and Corresponding member of the Smokers' Club of Philadelphia, mentions in a late treatise on the Indian weed, the important fact, that "in Holland, no daisel allows herself to attain to Muliebrity, without satisfying her admirers that she is a practical smoking philosopher." The same great writer in the appendix to his "Puffania Nicotiana Tabacum," also remarks: "The poorest and least scientific of the ancient Alchymists had the long and vainly sought Philosopher's Stone within his grasp, but wot not of it; for," continues he with a shrug of self-applause, "all their researches ended in Smoke!"

Of the utility of this science it is unnecessary to speak: for whoever has read the works of that renowned Philosopher and veritable Historian—Knickerbocker, will recollect the salvation of New Amsterdam by means of the burghers' pipes, and will also recollect the sage deliberations of the honorable Corporation of that goody city, while under the influence of tobacco-smoke. But beside these, the antiquity of the practice is sufficient to convince any sensible person of its utility. And though the historians of ancient times were not so discretely minute as some of the present day, yet we are told by more authors than one, that the Arcadian, and other shepherds, carried pipes!—True it is that some of the boisterous opposers of our science have pronounced these to be nothing more than musical instruments; but shall the testimony of such, whose judgment has been warped by prejudice and passion, be accepted? Perchance each of them bears a grudge against all pipes, because the smoke of one may have operated upon him, similarly to Don Quixotte's balsam on his squire.

On the score of the moral influence of smoking, at this enlightened period it is unnecessary to be diffuse. It is an established and incontrovertible fact, that the Passions, the greatest enemies of man, are lulled and even quelled by the invincible power of tobacco fumigation: and I can aver from my own experience, that it would be an utter impossibility for the greatest enemies in the world to commence, or carry on an altercation while inhaling the fragrance of "the weed." Indeed, so happy an effect has the practice of our science in expanding the heart, and warming the better feelings of a man, that the bitterest animosities have been ended in a most praiseworthy manner by the aid of a few pipes, and an ounce or two of the "best Virginia." Neither is this all. It disposes the soul to contemplation: and the young student, roaming through the pleasant meadows, in this season of the year, when spring, with her emerald mantle and her balmy breath goes abroad; feels a newness of spirit, as he fits the pipe to his lips, and bares his aching brow to the pure currents of the breeze.

And thee! choicest cloud-blower of my youth's bright prime! what shall I say to thee? Though frail and brittle—for like myself thou art but clay—yet hast thou kindly borne me company in my long and weary pilgrimage; and often cheered my spirits, and revived my drooping heart. Damon's friendship never equalled thine! He only volunteered to die for his friend; but thou dost live and burn for thine. From henceforth we will part no more. I will still inspire thy genial breath; and as the clouds ascend on high, will sail with Woodworth.

"How sweet from thy smooth polished tube to receive it, As poised on my thought it inclines to my lips, Not a full-blown gizzard would tempt me to leave it, Though filled with the Nectar that Jupiter sips."

And now my gentle friends—consoling myself with the reflection, that though my essay be poor, it was at least well intended; and without lamenting my inability—as is the custom—to do justice to so vast a subject, I shall take my leave of you in the zealous, emphatic, and triflingly altered language of Avon's immortal bard. "If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be, to forswear American Segars, and addict themselves to Pipes!"

J. F. S.

Lenox, March, 1831.

MISCELLANY.

From the Ladies' Magazine.
THE PEARL NECKLACE.

"A letter from my father!" exclaimed the beautiful Grace Acton, as she languidly raised her fine eyes, at the entrance of a servant; "but what is this?" as she, at the same moment, received a small paper.

"Oh that, Ma'am, Mrs. Means' little boy just gave me, and said his mother told him to be sure you had it before he came home."

"Tell him, just now I am engaged, but he may call this afternoon, to-morrow, or any other time but now; and she hastened to open her father's letter. The expressions of regret for prolonged absence, the detailed causes of it, and the kind admonitions it contained, were quickly passed over, till, just at its conclusion, Grace read with interest the following lines: "For the first time, for many years, I am from home on New Year's morning, and cannot consult your taste in the selection of your New Year's gift; purchase with the enclosed what pleases you best; but, my dear child, remember that on this day we should endeavor to make others happy, while so profuse in the expression of our good wishes. I send you, too, what may answer the claims of charity, as well as the demands of justice; I need not repeat to you that we have no right to indulge our own wishes, while we withhold what is due to others; a mere competence is all I possess, but I have ever lived in conformity with these principles; I would have my child do the same."

"Now," thought Grace, "the pearl necklace shall be mine, and this evening too, the very time I would have chosen for Mrs. W.'s ball,—how fortunate! and my father leaves it to my own choice, too; but"—and Mrs. Means' bill, her father's counsel, flashed across her mind, "yet, after all, what can these people want money so much for? they can wait a little longer; next week I will—yes, next week; and it can make no great difference," said the child of indulgence, as she balanced the gratification of her own vanity, with the comfort, perhaps the very existence of others. At this moment visitors were announced, and disturbed, not the golden, but pearly visions of the young beauty;—nothing was talked of but the expected ball, the splendid preparations which had been made, and the strangers who were to be present; "and, be sure look your prettiest," said one of the ladies, "for we are, this evening, to see Mr. Eustis, the young traveller; rich, admired, with all the polish of foreign manners; in short, a very elegant young man." "One, I assure you, that will turn the heads of nearly all our young ladies, and disappoint the hopes of some of our plodding merchants and calculating lawyers,—every day sort of people, as they are," said an elderly lady, as she gave Grace a very significant look. "At least," said her auditor, haughtily, "there is one who will make no efforts to please him." What apparently trivial circumstances sometimes determine our situations and characters for years, nay, even for life; if any thing can be trivial which influences the moral feelings, and shades the character. The admired and flattered Grace was too hackneyed in the ways of the world, to allow it for a moment to be thought that any attention, or any homage could be sought by her, or when yielded, could be viewed as other than the usual incense to her charms; but she secretly resolved that evening to surpass herself,—resolved that not only the pearl necklace, but every thing else that could enhance her beauty, (at least every thing within the compass of her power,) should be hers. The long expected evening at length arrived; the evening which was to realize or disappoint so many hopes of pleasure; and Grace gave a satisfied glance at her mirror, as she fastened the beautiful ornament around her neck; and perhaps her satisfaction was increased, while she contrasted her own dress and figure with those of her pale but interesting cousin, whose simple white attire and retiring air, Grace thought just fit to pass unnoticed in a crowd. While the conscious beauty was thus anticipating the triumphs of vanity, the door of her apartment suddenly opened, and her maid, followed by the poor woman whose application in the morning had been so cruelly evaded, entered. Her thin and wasted form, her threadbare clothing, contrasted as they were with the comforts and elegancies of the apartment, and the splendid attire of its mistress, told a tale of suffering; it whispered of the heart-broken wife and wretched mother; and when she spoke of her dying husband, of her children, who, with all their little efforts, could scarcely obtain a scanty subsistence, while their wretched parent was dying without those comforts which his sickly appetite and suffering state required; while she told of these, and appealed at least to the justice, if not to the charity of Miss Acton, for what she had so long withheld, reminding her of the many hours she had stolen from sleep, to complete various kinds of fine work for her; even then the mind of her auditor, unmoved by distress,

of the existence of which she could form no idea, and telling her that it was then quite impossible, but next week she would positively see her, she stepped into the carriage, which was waiting at the door. The lights, the company, the music, and still more, the admiring glances which awaited her, soon banished from her mind all remembrance of the late scene; and when told that she was the evident object of attraction to the elegant Eustis, she was at the very acme of her wishes; while a thousand visions of future splendor floated before her in brilliant perspective.

Edward Eustis, to the advantages of person and situation, united the highest sentiments of honor, an excellent heart, and a strong sense of the responsibility attendant upon wealth. He had returned, after an absence of three years, to New York, his native city, and which was to be his future residence; forming, as he had done, even romantic ideas of domestic happiness, he resolved, before he married, to study well the character of the woman, on whom not only so much of his future happiness, but even moral excellence, must depend.

On the evening of Mrs. W.'s ball he was certainly charmed with the uncommon loveliness of Miss Acton's face, as well as the polished ease and elegance of her manners; and day after day, week after week, he found himself in her society: her beauty had thrown a spell around him, and while he flattered himself that he still retained the power of impartial judgment, every action was viewed through the medium most favorable to her wishes. Every body, that is, every body in the fashionable world, the ton had decided that it was quite the thing; and even the envious and disappointed acknowledged they were just fitted for each other. They knew about as much of the fitness and propriety of the matter as the world usually does, when it decides upon our character and intentions, and seeing only what meets the eye, constitutes itself a correct judge of the thousand nameless thoughts and motives, which lie deep in the recesses of the heart.

Eustis started one morning, as turning into the street in which Mr. Acton lived, a passing object brought to his recollection an old servant of his father's, who had once saved his own life when in imminent danger; he wondered he had never seen him since his return; "poor fellow!" thought he, "he may be sick or needy, and he had always a spirit above asking charity." As a penalty for his past neglect, he determined to change his course, to sacrifice his own gratification, and seek his humble friend, in preference to keeping an engagement, he had the day before formed with Grace: he went directly to the place where he had formerly lived, but was told no such person was there; his informant could not even recollect the name, yet, on promise of a reward, believed, on second thought, he had heard it, and at last gave the information desired. As Eustis entered a low, miserable dwelling, from which the cold air of a winter morning was but partially excluded, and saw, in the most abject poverty, the family whom he had believed at least above want; he drew back, bitterly reproaching his own neglect, and asking himself if he, who had so long forgotten them, had now a right to intrude upon their sorrows. But his indecision soon ceased, as one of the poor children came up to him, and pulling his coat, breathed "the gentleman would come in, and do something for his poor father, to make him well again;" the appeal was too direct to be resisted, and approaching the bed, he saw the poor man indeed, in the last stages of consumption. At first he gave no signs of recognition, and Eustis believed he had either forgotten his features, or that he was insensible to what passed around him; but when he looked again, a ray of former feeling brightened his pale face, and extending his emaciated hand, he pressed that of his young master.

"But, my poor Robert, what has brought you to this?" The wife hastened to reply—it was a simple tale, such as the annals of the poor will often furnish. Their labor, (their only wealth,) while health continued, had placed them above want; but, about a year before, the poor man had fallen from a building, received a severe blow upon his breast, and before he had recovered from its effects, by over exertion in completing the ornaments of a ball room, to oblige a young lady, one of his customers, had brought on his old complaints. He refused to apply for medical aid, denied himself even the comforts which his situation required, saying "he could not pay for them; that was what he blamed others for, and he would wait till the next week, or the next day; for then the young lady had promised to pay for his own work and that of his wife." But, when at last the physician did see him, he shook his head, and said, if he had been called before, he might soon have been well; but now he feared. So entirely was Eustis engrossed with the suffering objects around him, and with listening to the recital of their misfortunes, that he did not at first observe he was not the only visitor in this wretch-

ed abode. When he did perceive Miss Worthington, the cousin of Grace, their mutual salutation spoke the surprise which each felt at their unexpected meeting; but not till she had retired, did Eustis learn what had been her untiring kindness to the suffering man, her attention in procuring him comforts, her words of consolation to the wife, and her tenderness to the children, and how she had begged them all never to mention her cousin's name, as the person who had caused them so much sorrow.

"And I wouldn't now, sir, but you seem to care so much about our affairs, and are so kind to my poor husband," said the woman, "and besides that, perhaps, you don't know her."

Eustis started as he thought of the precipice on which he had stood. The spell was broken, an angel's form had concealed the hardest features of cruel selfishness and heartless levity; "and it was to such a being," thought he, "that I am about to commit my happiness; nay, more, my very character; for are we not strongly influenced in our feelings, in our decisions, in our very modes of thought, by those with whom we are more intimately connected? Imperceptibly to ourselves, but not less surely, the delicacy of the moral sense is blenished, and our standard of moral excellence lowered."

Elizabeth Worthington was the orphan niece of Mr. Acton. Early matured in the school of affliction, the best feelings in her kind heart had been called forth for the children of sorrow; she had learned to feel that it was to the resources of her own mind, to the government of her own heart, rather than to external circumstances, that she must look for happiness. It was this which had preserved her from surrounding contagion; which had saved her from becoming a mere votary of pleasure, and idol of fashion; which had enabled her, without one thought of envy, to view the superior attractions of her cousin. Elizabeth loved Grace with all her faults, and would have concealed those faults from every eye; for Grace, besides being the only companion of her childhood, had another powerful claim upon her—she was the daughter of an uncle to whom she was bound by gratitude and affection; and insulated as she was from nearer ties, her heart sought objects for its love. She had often seen Mr. Eustis, but in situations which were calculated to call forth nothing either of moral or mental superiority. She thought him decidedly handsome, and as the destined husband of her cousin, for so report said he would be, (and Grace herself tacitly acknowledged,) she felt for him a degree of interest; but for this he might have mixed with the common visitors whom she met at her uncle's house.

But under the humble roof of poor Robert, around the bed of death, it was there that two hearts met and understood each other, which, in the circles of fashion, in scenes of heartless gaiety, might have never excited a single feeling of mutual interest. Eustis now wondered that he had never sought the society of Elizabeth; never observed the full expression of her deep blue eye; never noticed that her beauty was of that attractive kind which, once seen, is not easily forgotten.

It was on a sweet sunny morning in April, when every object was cheered by the return of spring; one of those bright days when the elastic spirit of youth would imagine that this beautiful world could be the receptacle only of happiness; and that brilliant sun, in all his course, could look down on no scene of woe; it was on such a morning that, as Eustis found himself at the side of his humble friend, he saw a fearful change had been wrought; he breathed with difficulty, and the agonies of death were upon him. For a few hours life struggled, as if unwilling to resign its grasp; then all was calm. Unused to such scenes, Eustis did not at first perceive that the hand which he held was colder, or the face paler than before—that the spirit had departed. As he left the house of death, his mind full of the scene through which he had passed, and entered the busy street, crowded, with the active and the gay, heard the varied sounds of business and of pleasure, and contrasted them with the death of the humble poor, the low, miserable apartment, and the suffering hearts he had just left; he felt that it was for such scenes to teach us wisdom; he felt how vain is that distinction, whose duration is coeval only with our present existence.

In a few months Elizabeth Worthington became the wife of the admired and courted Mr. Eustis. His selection was a *nine days wonder*, among the husband-seeking young ladies, and their managing mamma; and of surprise to all, that he had preferred the retiring Elizabeth to her charming cousin; but to no one more than Grace herself. Her fancy had been dazzled by the intended splendor of his establishment, besides, the little of heart, which flattery and the love of pleasure had left her, was his,—but who ever heard of a *belle* dying of a broken heart? It was not till some time after that she learned the story of Elizabeth's charitable attention to Mrs. Means, of Eustis' interest in her husband, and the ex-

posure of her own injustice; and never till then did she acknowledge, even to herself, that she had paid too dearly for her pearl necklace. She still continued to haunt the scenes of her former triumph, unconscious that time will leave its ravages on earth's fairest things; that while all else is changing we are not stationary. Some of her admirers had discovered that they could not marry a portionless beauty, whose expenditure was that of an heiress; and others, that a beautiful set of features, and the *clat* of marrying the most admired woman in the city, were not quite an ample security for domestic happiness.

Mr. Eustis placed the family of his old servant in a situation of comfort—not one where they were dependent on his constant bounty, for he justly reasoned that the best charity is that which furnishes the poor with employment, and enables them to supply their own wants, not crippling their powers, and destroying their independence, by an habitual sense of obligation, and while he enjoyed the delights of his own domestic circle, and felt that

"There is a Power that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,"

he could not forget that the poor widow had been the means of saving him from wretchedness, perhaps vice.

VICISSITUDES IN A LAWYER'S LIFE.

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

From a MS. found a few years ago in an Attorney's chambers after his death.

"... Had I followed the example of my fathers, I should now be a farmer of thirty acres, on the banks of a little stream that runs into the Somersetshire Avon. My ancestors had vegetated there for the greater part of a couple of centuries; few of them having ever exceeded, during their lives, the limit of twenty miles from the village church, and all of them having been born and buried there.—Even I myself should probably have trod the same quiet and confined course, had not a solitary spark of ambition flamed up in my father's heart, and fired him to do honor to the family name. For we descended originally from a noble and very ancient stock; and we never forgot it. 'The —s were knighted at the Conquest!' This was the sentence that kept the pride and vanity boiling in our bloods. Like the secret hoard of the miser, it cheered us in our poverty; perhaps it also nourished a vague feeling of honor, and saved us from committing unworthy actions; but this is doubtful. We had passed through eight or ten generations since we could boast of unmixed nobility; and ever since that time, we had been mingling our blood—marriage after marriage—with the yeoman's and the peasant's. Our wealth has been dissipated, our consequence humbled, our minds overgrown with ignorance; but the *Pride*,—the 'airy nothing' of our name, survived all changes and disasters. Thus the human taste (I mean the bodily sense) which appeared to be so obvious, is known to retain its impressions longer than any other faculty. The mind forgets a name or an image, a peculiar touch, a note of music; but an odour or a flavor is remembered in an instant, with all its freshness and all its concurring circumstances, after a lapse of thirty or forty years. So it was with us. Our pride, which one would imagine would have been of so frail and evanescent a nature as to have been extinguished by the first brush of poverty, remained to us,—adhered to us like a canker or a disease, when all our important distinctions had perished.

"I was brought up somewhat roughly, and was suffered to run about wild and idle enough until I attained my tenth year, when I was committed to the management of the village schoolmistress. With my satchel and well-thumbed primer, my pockets half full of marbles, and a couple of formidable slices of bread (with butter and bacon between,) for my dinner, I used regularly every morning to take my way to the little school. What progress I attained there has escaped my memory; but I think that lessons in three syllables were the summit of my accomplishments. My father, who was dissatisfied at my progress, wished anxiously to remove me to a better school, and at last a legacy of 700*l.* enabled him to put his ambitious schemes into execution. I was removed without loss of time to the 'classical academy' of Mr. —, and after remaining there three or four years, was pronounced to be 'fit for any thing.' But then came the question—the serious and too often discussed question—what course should I like to follow? 'What shall we make of you, John?' asked my father, with an inquisitive exulting look. He had evidently visions of bishops, and judges, and generals, floating before his eyes. All the splendid accidents of fortune had been repeatedly the subject of conversation between us. The stories of men who had risen from a low beginning—from the most squalid servitude,—from the poor house and the prison,—and afterwards realized the wealth of Croesus, were familiar to us. We lived in a dream of riches. We surmounted obstacles; we over-

took rivals in the race of power. No opposition deterred us. Fame, and profit, and power, were at the end of every prospect. The only question was, which was the best road to pursue? That problem, however, it was difficult to solve.

"Will you study politics?—or law?—or physic?" asked my father, with an earnest face, "or will you become a soldier or a sailor?" (He was stopped here by my mother, who pronounced a rapid negative on the two last professions:—) "or will you turn your mind to divinity?"—"I will not be a parson," returned I, at once. "And why?" was the question. "Because I do not want to be a curate, passing poor with forty pence a year. I like to speculate and think, even to the limits of orthodoxy. I cannot raise myself to a living by flattery; and could I do so, I should fear to encounter the hate of every inhabitant of my parish, by stripping them yearly for my tithes. Let it be something else." Thus it was that we discussed the hours away.—Sometimes a red coat was most attractive to me; sometimes a blue one. Then the carriage and ruffles of the physician caught my fancy; and then the debates in Parliament, which the "County Chronicle" regularly pared down to suit its columns, inflamed my wishes, till I was absolutely bewildered by the number of the avenues to fame. At last, however, my father and I (my mother concurring) determined upon—the Law! I remember the happy evening whereon this resolution was formed. My father was in high spirits. "We will drink a glass of wine, for once in a way, to the future Judge," said he. "I hope you will never hang any body, John?" said my mother; "if I thought so, I would call back my consent."—"Never fear," replied my father; "he will do what is right, I know. If his country should require such a painful act from him, he will not flinch from his duty."—"I will never hang a man for forgery, however," exclaimed I, doggedly; "Blood for blood, is the old law; but nothing further for me."—"My dear John," interrupted my mother reprovingly, "do you not hear what your father says? If your duty should require it, &c. It will scarcely be believed that we could go on quarrelling respecting so remote a contingency. But so it was. I tried—I am almost ashamed to tell it—I tried on my father's wig that very evening, in order that I might see, before the matter was absolutely irrevocable, how a wig would become me, when I should be advanced to the bench: How near I arrived to that point of ambition will be seen hereafter.

"The Law being resolved upon, the only question that remained was, whether I should go to college, or pass through the refining process of an attorney's office. We were in considerable perplexity on this point, when a friend of my father's happened to step in, and determined the matter for us. He was a rough, eccentric man, but had within a share of sense; and on the difficulty being stated to him, he relied with a loud continuous whistle, that argued any thing but an approval of our projects. "College!" he exclaimed, looking about at me; "why he is half a fool already; if you send him to college, you'll make him a fool complete." It must be owned, in extension of the old man's rudeness, that my deportment at this time somewhat justified his suspicions. I had so long been dreaming after the fashion of Almassehar, that I bore myself now and then toward my old acquaintance and equals in a way that not even the elevation I reckoned could have justified. In truth, I had become a considerable coxcomb. I was not, I think, naturally vain; but my poor father's hopes, and my mother's smile and prophecies, brought out the germ of folly into sudden blossom. It was well for me that it was timely checked. Our friend's advice was taken. All notions of college were abandoned, and I was sent off, for five years, to the office of an attorney in our county town.

"The toil of an attorney's life is much exaggerated. It is held up as a sort of hideous specter to the imagination of youth, and has deterred many an intelligent and diffident boy—and hundreds of dotting mothers, from adding a victim to the shrine of law. In the county, at least, there is little to do that need alarm an ordinary student. A brain of very common strength is sufficient to bear up against all the impediments that usually beset this period of probation. Even the fiction of our jurisprudence (not the least vicious of its qualities) may be mastered, though not admired. Admiration demands a subtler scrutiny, a longer and closer intimacy with law, than a youth—may than even I, a veteran of thirty years, have been able to contract with it. In truth, its first aspect is rugged and severe towards all. It was so with me; but habit reconciled me to my labors; and thus—with an occasional novel in the evening, and a walk with a rustic belle on Sunday, a short half-yearly visit to my parents, and a dance or two in the cold winter weather, I managed to run through my five years of clerkship, with

considerable satisfaction to myself, and not wholly without the approbation of my employers. At the expiration of that period, I had the choice before me—whether to pursue the humbler but safer course of an attorney, or to venture upon the dangerous but dazzling chances of the bar. I preferred the latter; and after a short sojourn at home, I was at once let loose upon—London!

"The stride from the quiet of the country—from its sleepy, stagnant current of existence to the soil and centre of intellectual, busy, and ambitious life, is great and fearful. I think of it with a shudder even now. The sudden escape from all control is of itself perilous enough. But when, in addition to this, one is thrown amongst struggling and vicious crowds of London, into her noisy streets and abandoned haunts, (arenas more dangerous than even the bloody circuses of Rome, where the wild beasts and the gladiators fought and mangled each other, for—what?) the wonder is, that so many of the young and inexperienced survive to attain any thing like a moral maturity.

"I was told that I ought to see the 'world,' and I was ready enough to behold it. 'You should see every thing once, at least,' said a new acquaintance; 'Take a glance at every thing; sow your wild oats; and then sit down and fag steadily at law.' This was the advice of a man who was esteemed for his prudence, and not a little respected for his knowledge of 'the town.' It was impossible to reject such counsel; and accordingly I resolved to see and judge of every thing. What places this resolution led me into, it is unnecessary to detail. It is sufficient to say, that the death of my father and mother about this time, by an infectious fever, enabled me to see London to my heart's content. I was the sole heir of their little property, which I speedily disposed of; not, however, before I had given an honest plumper at the county election to a candidate who was hard beset, and made my maiden speech at the hustings, which, it was said, turned the contest in his favor. A new member is always grateful; and my vote obtained for me a world of thanks, and a pressing invitation to his metropolitan residence.

"I was now pursuing my way professedly to the bar. I had kept several terms, and had entered myself as pupil of a special pleader, at whose chambers I duly read the newspapers, peeled an orange, drank a glass of soda-water, and now and then (but this was a rare event) attempted to scrawl a declaration in trover or assumpsit, in which my bad writing and legal incapacity were the only things conspicuous. 'You will never do for special pleading, nor the common law bar,' said one of my co-pupils; 'you take the matter too leisurely. Suppose you were to try conveyancing?—or see what figure you can make in a court of equity?' I caught at this suggestion. Six months of pleading had satisfied me that my 'genius' lay another way. In other words, I heartily disliked my employment, and was glad to escape from it under any show or pretence. Mr.—had no objection of course, to my quitting his office at the end of six, instead of twelve months, and leaving my desk open for another pupil; and accordingly I left him without ceremony, and transferred my person to the chambers of a celebrated conveyancer. This, from my country education, suited me better than my previous tasks. I had some glimmering notion of the law of real property, and I was not unwilling to increase my knowledge. The rapid diminution of my funds, too, began to make me think; and after a few struggles with Peare and Preston, Sugden and Sanders, a few sighs cast towards the distant theatres, and a month of severe but wholesome illness, I cast off the trammels of idleness, and sat down to work in earnest.

"I had not been here more than a quarter of a year, when I one day suddenly met in the street Sir Charles L—, my county member. He had not forgotten my election services, and hastened to reproach me for not having called upon him. I pleaded the usual number of excuses—protested that he was 'very kind'—that he 'overrated my trifling exertions.' &c.—and concluded by accepting his invitation to dinner for the following Saturday. The interval was spent in ordering a new and fashionable dress, and in getting up, for conversation, some of the ordinary topics for discourse—the last poem or novel; but when the hour arrived, and I entered the member's spacious mansion, and heard my name go sounding up the marble staircase, I forgot all my late conversational acquisitions, my new dress, and even the applause that followed my last speech at the club, and stumbled into the drawing-room with a dizzy head and almost trembling steps. The reception which Sir Charles gave me, however, speedily reassured me. He was a well-bred, polite man, and it may be, was a little pleased at the homage which I thus involuntarily paid to his station. He introduced me to his wife; to his son (an only child, whom Nature seemed to have constructed for the sole purpose of hanging one of Shulze's or Weston's suits up-

on); and finally to a poor relation of the family, whom the death of both parents, and her own utter indigence, had cast upon the member's charity. Mary S— was, when I first knew her, about nineteen years of age. I remember her as though it were but yesterday. She had not that beauty without fault, either in face or figure, nor that romantic melancholy expression, which novelists delight to expatiate on; but she had a pleasing and intelligent countenance, a little dashed by sorrow, but not injured—an unaffected manner—and a voice more musical than any sound I have ever heard. It was to me

'More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear.'

'Twas sweeter than 'the sweet South'; richer than Juliet's voice; siller than Ariel's song;—and—I was never weary of listening to it!

"Being both persons of small importance (for I was no longer a freeholder of—shire,) Mary and I were generally left together to amuse ourselves, whenever I visited Sir Charles's house. I had a general invitation there, for which I was, I believe, partly indebted to some musical talent that I possessed, but which I should have neglected, had not 'attractive metal' drawn me thither with a power that I could not resist. That being the case, I became a visitor; sometimes at the evening parties of Lady L—, and always in the mornings; for then the masters of the mansion were usually absent, and their *protegee* was left to the solitude of her thoughts. The consequence of this intimacy may easily be foreseen. I fell in love with the excellent Mary, who returned my affection, but at the same time resolutely refused to accept my hand, and entail poverty on us both. I proposed to ask the consent of Sir Charles. She dissuaded me, however, from this, assuring me that he would reject me,—professedly upon some plea of family pride, but in reality to save himself from the necessity of aiding our slender means, as well as to preserve for his wife a cheap and useful companion. For the condition of Mary was not that of a sinecrist. She was the chief secretary of the house; the writer of all Lady L—'s letters; the copyist, and often the corrector, of Sir Charles's speeches; the milliner and dress-maker of her lady countess, sometimes on ordinary, and always on extraordinary occasions. She filled, in short, one of those thankless, nameless offices, where the ties of blood are admitted solely for a sordid purpose,—where the victim has to endure, uncomplainingly, (or stave,) all that the proud will sometimes dare to inflict, where all the labor and hardships of servitude are undergone, without even the wages of a menial. In these cases, there is but too often no mercy on the one hand, and no spirit of resistance on the other. The first act of reluctant charity justifies every species of after tyranny. The value of the original benevolence is exacted to the uttermost farthing,—no remission, no relenting. 'Do you remember who it was that took you in? fed you? and—&c.'—

'Oh! hither let soft Charity repair.'

Let her repair to such melancholy places, and soften the ungenerous heart, and sweeten, with her smiles, the bitter, bitter bread of dependence!

"We married. The consent of Mary's 'protectors' had been asked, and immediately refused; and upon this, I tried repeatedly to induce her to fly with me, but in vain. At last our situation made us desperate, and some prospect of professional success opening at the time, I wrong from her a slow consent to—elope. We fled, and were, as may be imagined, never pursued. The consequences of this step, however, were, that my wife was cast off, and I discountenanced. But I nevertheless plodded steadily on my way; never relaxing, never forgetting that on my success depended the comforts, nay the existence, of one who was dearer to me than myself. By the time I had arrived at the bar,—and was qualified to practice 'in court,' we had one child born to us—a girl. It was the only one we ever had, and we loved it in proportion. No one can tell how entire and unselfish our love was. Men may imagine and speculate on other things; but *this* is beyond all guess, all divining. It is, beyond comparison, the most painful, the most powerful, and mysterious sympathy that ever warmed the human heart. Let no one talk of it who has not *felt* the care and anxiety which beset a parent's mind:—

'He talks to me who—never had a child.'

(How wise is Shakespeare in this, as in all other things!) The single man knows no more of what we endure for the child we love, than the blind or deaf know of sound or color: his idea is a guess altogether, unfounded or remote from reality.

"I forget how long it was that we continued under the ban of Sir Charles and Lady L—'s displeasure; but I recollect that the interdiction was taken off at the request of a good-natured visitor of their house, to whom

I had once (for I used to carve occasionally there) accidentally given the prime slice from a haunch of venison. He recollected this with gratitude, and was not easy till we were restored to favor. After some discussion, some show of resentment, and an intimation, we were to 'expect nothing' except the countenance of the family Lady L— signified that she should 'no longer object to receive Mr. and Mrs. —.' Her willingness to be reconciled was communicated to us; and we once more walked up the marble staircase of the L—'s, heard our names thundered out by powdered lacqueys, and once more underwent,

'The proud man's countenance.'

and all the ungracings and worthless favors, which the poor but too frequently submit to receive from 'the great.' It would be little use to recount, one after one, the numberless slights and stinging concessions which were showered upon our 'bare, unsheltered heads.' I myself would have fled into the forest, or the poor house, to avoid them; but we had—a child! and for her dear and tender sake, my poor Mary entreated that I would bear up against ill fortune a little longer.

"Accordingly, 'a little longer,' and 'a little longer,' we went on; our situation never amending. Custom, which reconciles us to all other things, never renders caprice or tyranny the less difficult to be borne. We endured—more than shall be told, and we felt that we were descending, with swift and certain steps, from one stage of discomfort to another, and with the prospect of inevitable poverty full in our view. First, trifling delicacies were abandoned—then the finer clothing common to our condition; then the solid comforts of life, meat, tea, firing, &c. passed out of our reach. Our child suffered last; for we were daily guilty of little pious frauds towards her, to conceal from her the absolute poverty of our lot.

"During all this period, I was the visitor (on no intimate footing, however, for I could not return the substantial civilities offered me) at gentlemen's tables, I dined off plate and china, spread with all the delicacies of the season, when I had not a meal at home. On these occasions, I have been compelled to restrain myself (to an extent that it would be difficult to credit,) in order to conceal from the persons present, the voracious hunger that was devouring me. I have abstracted food (the share, however, allotted to myself)—bread, cake or other substantial edibles—to carry home for the next day's sustenance. In the course of time, this foraging was calculated upon between us; and my wife would see me depart almost with pleasure upon one of these expeditions, knowing that I should reserve for our domestic necessities a portion of the superfluities of which I was expected to partake. I have heard of a wealthy miser doing this to a great extent. We, however, had a better excuse than he. He abstracted what belonged to others; whereas I pilfered only from myself.

"But I am writing confusedly, and without order, I should have mentioned that my funds were, for some time, sufficient to furnish us with common comforts; and even to appear suitable to our station. Our honey moon did not wane and disappear so very rapidly in the chill atmosphere of poverty, as to call for that commiseration which a sudden accident alone excites. We were exposed in the end, indeed, to the rigorous seasons. We had our fill of calamity. But it descended upon us, drop after drop, like the icy dew that falls 'upon the earth beneath.' We retired from our places gradually, and left our acquaintances an opportunity (and perhaps an excuse) for discovering and attaching themselves to other friends. The common intercourse and advantage of the world are not to be had for nothing; we must pay for them with other things. We must return favor for benefits, good humor for vivacity, nay, almost meal for meal; otherwise, we shrink out of the circle of society and our place is supplied by fresh comers. We were willing to do all that could be done in this interchange, but we found that money failed us at last, and with money good spirits also vanished;—we were, therefore, fairly dismissed. I made, indeed, a few efforts to recover myself. A sudden influx of business gave a temporary color to our fate, but it did not last long enough, nor was it of sufficient amount, to give to our prosperity even the appearance of stability. We fell

'In many an airy wheel,'

deeper and deeper still, till we touched the lowest level of our destiny.

"But let me return, for a short space, to tell of our child. We had, as I have said, one child—one only. To give her the appearance of respectability, to afford her the wholesome, and sometimes delicate food, which her youth and infirm health required, was the struggle of every day. We ourselves fared hardly, and were content. My own expensiveness was trivial; those of my wife were less. But even rent and the coarsest clothing are dear

ful things for those whose income is utterly precarious. Sometimes we had nothing—not a shilling, not a solitary farthing; and then we were driven to borrow trifling sums by depositing the few poor trinkets of my wife, some books that were seldom in use, or a portion of our clothes, with the pawnbroker. These sometimes remained unredeemed for months. At such times our distresses have been great indeed. I have sought and petitioned for employment of any sort, and my wife has shed tears of joy at having the commonest labor offered to her. It produced much! I should cause the visages of some of my bar acquaintances to grow doubly supercilious were I to enumerate the shifts and projects that I had been reduced to, to obtain a shilling or two for the next morning's meal. But what will not the father and the husband do! It may be well enough for the single man to go to his bed and sleep, careless of the next day's fortune; but he who has creatures whom he loves dependant on him, must be busy and anxious, and provident. I have [thank God!] never yet laid down at night without knowing that my wife and child would the next morning have bread before them, sometimes, indeed, scanty fare, but always something. What I have undergone, more than once to procure this, shall remain locked in my own heart. I have never provoked the generosity of my professional brethren, nor the contempt or compassion of strangers, by an open exposure of my wants; for I had a character and station to preserve by day, on which all the hopes that was left depended. But secretly, and by night, and where I was unknown, I have shrunk from nothing. The labor of the porter, the hack writer's midnight toil, the work of the common copyist, BEGGARY, have all been familiar to me. I look back on these occupations without shame or regret, and, indeed, at times, when my pulse of pride beats—as it will beat feebly even now—I recur to some of them with a smile.

"In our sunny seasons we had one apparent luxury—music. It was in truth, a great enjoyment; although the real object of its introduction among us, (to whom luxury of any sort was necessarily a stranger) was that our child, who inherited her mother's sweet voice, should find it a means of livelihood. When we grew much poorer than usual, our little borrowed piano forte was dismissed; but, in other times, we struggled hard to keep it for our daughter's sake. I remember still our evening concerts, my flute or voice accompanying her instrument, and our sole dear auditory standing beside us with glistening eyes. We almost forgot our poverty, and turned aside from the dark face of futurity, to listen to gentle airs and solemn movements. We wandered with Handel, 'by hedgerow elms on hillocks green,'—with Kent, and Boyce, and Purcell. Haydn and Beethoven were our friends; the learning of Sebastian Bach was familiar to us; the divine melodies of Mozart were our perpetual delight.

"Music, however, could afford no help, farther than to enable us occasionally to forget misfortune. It did not purchase for us bread or meat, nor revive my coat of rusty black, which the malice of several winters and of as many summers had conspired to injure. My wife's clothes faded, while she hearkened to harmonies that were ever fresh. In a word, our miserable wardrobe became so flagrantly bare, that our 'friend at L'—horse announced the fact to us in unmitigated terms, and desired that, unless it could be renewed, we might straight become better strangers. 'We will leave them, my dear Mary,' said I, 'to their poor pride. They are lower than we are, after all!' She sighed, and made no answer; for she saw, notwithstanding all her humility, that we could never return there again. We never did return!

"One of the most painful and irksome things to myself was the necessity of appearing 'in court' during the period of our extreme poverty. It is supposed necessary, with what reason I know not, that the barrister should appear in court at all events, whether allured there by business or not. In compliance with this custom I have sat out many a weary morning, with my blue bag before me, [its bal-last a quire or two of paper, or an old volume of reports,] sometimes listening to arguments on matters of no interest, but generally, meditating on my own mournful prospects, and forming hundreds of projects to retrieve our fallen fortunes. How little have the frequenters of the court of Chancery imagined that, under the imposing grotesque dress of 'the bar,' one man has sat there as poor and friendless as I have been. There is a sort of equality in the costume and in the rank which rejects the idea of any great diversity of condition. Yet have I sat there, more than once utterly penniless, whilst Mr. Romilly, or Mr. Bell, Mr. Hart, or Mr. Leach, &c. have been winning golden opinions from all sorts of men. At these times I have sometimes thought that, had I fair opportunities, I might have taken my stand by the side of those celebrated advocates; but, alas! when some casual oppor-

tunity came, I found that I was tongue-tied, and that all the faculties that I gave myself credit for were either not there, or were in a moment put to flight and dispersed. Self-possession,—confidence in one's own strength, is scarcely a secondary requisite at the bar. The learning and even ingenuity of man are nothing without it. The course of the advocate should ever be

"As confident as in the falcon's flight," if he hopes to conquer. For myself I never could attain this self-possession. I have dreamed, indeed, of Bacon and Coke, and Hardwicke and Holt; and Thurlow and Mansfield, [silver-tongued Murray!] and all who have made a name, and I have vowed that I too would win the same airy and substantial glory that had encircled the heads of famous lawyers. I have read, and read, and written early and late, morning, noon, and night. I have compiled and digested, speculated and invented: All branches of law, all sorts of literature have I tried:—But my writings accumulated, my information increased—in vain! My labors were fruitless. My piles of manuscripts were destined only to feed the worm or the moth, or to afford a habitation to the spider.

"I know not why I should pursue farther this downward path. It would be easy to go on recounting fact after fact, feeling after feeling,

"Facilis descensus Averni," "But, having thus far traced the narrative of my calamities, I am content to stop. If any one should ever read over what is written, he will probably find it even now sufficiently irksome. There is too little of incident or adventure to stir up the blood,—to make 'the hair to stand on end,'—to force from the eyes of readers deluges of tears. Mine is not an 'eventful history.' It is a melancholy one; and, I fear too, that it is not a solitary instance of misplaced ambition. But it is dull, dark, and uniform. It is without a spot of pleasantness; sterile in all its aspects, unless, indeed it proves [and it may well prove] a timely and valuable warning for those who have yet the race of life to run. That it may be useful in this sort, I will complete it. I will not, by publishing it now, encounter the jeers or the sympathy of critics; but I will leave it for the edification of those who come after me. It will be of little moment then what becomes of my poor memoirs. Wit, rancor, praise, compassion,—what will they avail to the ear that is deaf? to the eye that is blind? to the sense—the intellect that has soared, or sunk, or fled—whether?"

"* * * A few more sentences and I have done. They comprehend [notwithstanding all that I have already said,] the bitter sum of my existence. But I cannot linger over them. I cannot [like the beggar by the way-side,] exhibit and grow garrulous over my holier sorrows. Let it be sufficient to say that I have followed my wife and my only child to their graves; and that I am now utterly—alone! My misery needs no exaggeration, and it asks for no sympathy. I go on, as I have always done, struggling and toiling to-day for the food of to-morrow. But I no longer feel apprehensive of the future. It is even some alleviation when my own insignificant personal wants obtrude upon me, and call me away for a moment from substantial grief. It was with this view—this hope, that I sat down to pen this story of my disappointments; and, in truth, the task has now and then beguiled me—not into forgetfulness, indeed—but it has mingled with the almost intolerable pain of the present, recollections of the comparatively trivial sorrows of the past. I have all my life been pursuing a phantom—professional success. I have been 'chasing the rainbow' for fifty years. I have failed in every undertaking. I have striven my best! have been honest, industrious, and constant to my calling; yet nothing has prospered with me. I do not seek to inquire into the reasons for all this; but it may be worth the while of another person to do so. The causes of success in life deserve a minute scrutiny. Whether they be owing to accident—to prudence—to genius—to perseverance—it will be well to know. It will then be seen why my learning has been useless, my honesty of no account, my daily, nightly, unceasing toil unavailing. Let me not be understood as being now querulous or indignant. The time for those feelings has passed away. I have no motives now to desire rank or professional success. I would not possess them if I could.

"* * Such is the Counsellor's story. I have nothing to add to it; except that we heard he had thriven in his business somewhat better latterly. His health, however, (his clerk said) became very indifferent; he did not attend Court so regularly as usual, and never walked out as formerly, except to visit a little church-yard in the suburbs of London, where his wife and child lay buried. To this place he went regularly every Saturday evening, (about sunset,) and sometimes, when his spirits were more than usually depressed, he would wander there every afternoon, for a week or a fortnight successively. E. E.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, MAY 7, 1831.

THE DEATH WARNING.

It grieves us exceedingly to have any thing to relate derogatory to the character of one of the medical profession. And yet our duty as a faithful chronicler of the times, both by-gone and present, will not allow us in all cases to consult our own individual or professional feelings. We are bound to cast aside the mantle of prejudice and partiality, and stand encased only in the armor of truth.

Doctor Phlebotomy dwelt in a wealthy and populous village, on the banks of the Housatonic, where he had an extensive and lucrative practice; not only embracing the village itself, but several miles of the surrounding country. He enjoyed the entire confidence of the ladies, which is every thing in the practice of medicine; for a physician, having the good opinion of the female portion of community, may calculate on the support of the male as a matter of course. Such was the good fortune of Doctor Phlebotomy; he was believed, about home, to be the greatest doctor in the world, and made money like dust.

Yet with all these advantages, he could not be satisfied with his proper and lawful gains but fell into the bad habit of charging two visits where he had made but only one. In this way, his accounts had swelled to an amount little to be expected in a country practice.

But in the midst of this signal success, an incident took place, which convinced the doctor, that in spite of his growing wealth, in spite of the powers of medicine, and the wonderful effects wrought upon others by his skilful hands, his own last hour had come. It was a solemn thing to be cut off in the prime of life; in the midst of strength and the increase of practice; making money hand over fist—it was indeed a solemn thing. It was a position too bitter to be swallowed; it could scarcely be thought of without shuddering. And yet, dreadful as was the contemplation, it was brought most fearfully to the mind of Doctor Phlebotomy.

One dark and stormy evening he had retired to bed earlier than usual, and with a slight attack of the sore throat. He had bathed his feet in warm water, rubbed his throat with volatile liniment, and taken a dose of pectoric. He was just beginning to get into a slumber, when he was aroused by a horrid and most appalling noise, as if proceeding from a cistern, which was situated within a few feet of the house. It was as the noise of some heavy body falling into the water, and succeeded by a deep, hoarse, and dolorous groan, every now and then interlarded with an indignant burst, as if proceeding from the mouth of a stuck swine.

Doctor Phlebotomy was not altogether a believer in supernatural warnings, and ghostly premonitions; but the state of his health that evening, the partial effect of the pectoric, the gloominess of the weather, and the consciousness of fraud in his dealings towards his patients, united, along with the dismal noise, to convince him that his earthly accounts were nearly closed. His imagination became painfully vivid; the sound seemed to him not only like that of a drowning mortal, but as if a body were rudely let down into a grave, and the clods were carelessly thrown upon the coffin; and then there were the groans of an unquiet and troubled spirit, as if reluctantly parting with its tenement of clay.

Mrs. Phlebotomy was just getting into bed, when the doctor, aroused from his incipient slumbers, and giving wings to his morbid fancy, started up, and exclaimed, "Wh-wh-what's that, my dear!"

"Nothing, I presume," said the good lady—"it's merely your imagination."

"My imagination! Mrs. Phlebotomy? Why, do you think my imagination can make such a noise as that? It sounds ominous."

"Do lie down, Doctor," said the affectionate wife, gently laying her hand on his shoulder—"do lie down and cover yourself up; you'll take fresh cold." She succeeded in making him lie down.

"Don't you hear that noise, my dear?" said the doctor.

"Why—why—to be sure—I can't say—and yet—I dare say—I presume, my dear, it's nothing but the wind. You know the wind is uncommonly high to night."

Thus Mrs. Phlebotomy endeavored like a loving wife, to calm the apprehensions of her husband. But she was not without fear herself. She had heard the noise, and was a firm believer in signs and forewarnings of approaching mortality. But she wished to allay the fears of her husband, lest

they might have an injurious effect on his health, and perhaps carry him to the grave before his appointed time. It was therefore both natural and prudent to endeavor, as well as she could, to soothe his apprehensions, and to persuade him that he was deceived by his imagination.

The dismal sound continued, and seemed every moment to wax more and more fearful. But whatever of the supernatural and the marvellous the imagination of the doctor might have conjured up, there was something in the sounds particularly vulgar and brutish. It was as if a swine were indignantly grunting forth a malediction upon its untimely and cruel fate; as if it were breathing its last, and sighing out a hoarse adieu to all things earthly—to good Indian corn, to delicious strawberries, and to sweet yellow pumpkins.

But Doctor Phlebotomy had other thoughts than those relating to swine; he verily imagined he was summoned away. He had witnessed the call to many a mortal; but never until this hour, had he been seriously affected. There was a wide difference between his own case and that of his patients; he could look upon the approach of death to others, unshrinking and unappalled.—But now the case was brought home to his own door. He was not exactly fit to die, nor willing to go, even had he been fit. He wanted to make more double charges; and he wanted leisure to repent afterwards. With avarice unsatisfied, a sore throat, excited nerves, and conscience ill at ease, his agitation was extreme.

"There! There!" exclaimed he, starting up again, "don't you hear it, wife?"

"Do lie down, Doctor," again entreated the good woman, "and compose yourself to rest.—The noise, I dare say, is nothing but the wind singing through the great button-wood tree. I beg you'll lie down, Doctor."

"No, my dear," said the doctor, mournfully shaking his head—"the wind never makes a noise like that. I've been out in all weathers, and under all circumstances, through forests and glens, among cliffs and mountains, and never did I hear the wind singing such a dirge as this. Hark! there! again—again! My dear, I have but a short time to live."

"Oh! don't now, Doctor Phlebotomy, take any such notion into your head," entreated the good woman—"you distress me very much; I can bear to hear you talk so."

"There! there! do you hear that? There's no use in mincing the matter," said the doctor, with another mournful shake of the head—"we're all mortal—poor miserable mortal creatures—and I must go as well as the rest of the world. You must be a widow, my dear."

Mrs. Phlebotomy burst into tears.

"Don't cry, my dear—don't cry. I hope I've been a kind husband to you. And though I must now leave you a widow, I shall leave you destitute. You will have a good jointure."

"Oh! Doctor you'll kill me, if yet talk of dying," sobbed Mrs. Phlebotomy.

"I've made some money," resumed the doctor—"but there's one thing that lies heavy on my heart—my books—my account books."

"Don't trouble yourself about your accounts now," said the wife—"it will only make you worse. Do lie down and compose yourself; I dare say the accounts will be taken care of."

She prevailed upon him once more to lie down; but the idea of his approaching dissolution and the account books ran miserably in his head. "I'm growing worse every moment, my dear," said he. "Oh my throat! my throat! I can scarcely get my breath. I have but a little time to live, and I must use that little in doing justice to my late employers. My account books—Oh avarice!—Oh thirst of gain!—my account books must be altered."

"How! altered!" exclaimed Mrs. Phlebotomy, who had no suspicion of the twin charges with which the books abounded.

"I—I—I have ch-ch-charged too much, my dear," stammered the Doctor, in an agony of fear and remorse. "I—I've made two charges, where I ought to have made but one."

Mrs. Phlebotomy was shocked at this confession.

"I wish, my dear," continued the husband, "you'd call up Justus; tell him I want to see him instantly."

The good lady did as she was desired, and, "in the twinkling of a bed post," Justus stood by the couch of his master.

"Justus," said the Doctor, with a dolorous groan, "I'm going for't—my last hour is at hand—my last pestle has sounded."

Justus stared, and the doctor went on. "You know, Justus, I've done a good deal of practice, and made a good many charges; but you don't know that I've charged double in a great many

instances. But it's a fact, Justus—it's a fact. And now I want you should take the account books, and wherever I've made double charges, that you should erase one of them. Do this quickly, Justus."

"Now! to-night!" said Justus, who suspected his master was a little delirious.

"Yes, quickly, Justus," said the doctor, "set about it this moment. Don't close an eye, Justus, until you've erased every other one of the twin charges."

Justus, who was a student under Doctor Philibotony, had no idea but his master would get over his strange notion before morning. But he was willing to do as he was ordered, if it were for nothing else than to witness the doctor's chagrin, when he should find his accounts so miserably mutilated, and himself not dead nor likely to die. He set busily to work, and before sunrise, had expunged many an unlawful hundred dollars from the doctor's books.

In the mean time the appalling noise had become fainter and fainter, and at last totally died away. But the warning had been given; the fixed impression had been made; and the doctor endeavored to make such preparation for death as the very short notice would allow him. The Squire was sent for to write his will, and the Minister to give him spiritual consolation. Sundry good old ladies in the neighborhood were alarmed, and came to witness the last end of their favorite physician. Mrs. Philibotony did nothing but weep and wring her hands; Peggy, the maid, looked on with amazement, not conceiving how it was possible for mortal man to get ready for so long a journey in so short a time. She nevertheless acted her part as well as she could, every now and then wiping her eye with the corner of her apron, for decency's sake. As for Justus, he scratched all night long at the twin charges, separating them with as little remorse as a surgeon would the Siamese boys.

The morning came, and the doctor was prepared to go. "Ah! my poor mistress! she'll be a widow," said Peggy with a sigh, as she went to the cistern to get some soft water to wash out a few things preparatory to the funeral. The cistern, which had no curb, had been left open, and on letting down her bucket, Peggy perceived the old sow, floating on her side, bloated like a drowned creature, and dead as a herring. She dropped her bucket, and ran in, exclaiming—

"The old sow! the old sow!"

"Whist! whist!" said Mrs. Philibotony, "you'll disturb the doctor."

"The old sow is in the cistern!" said Peggy, louder than ever.

"How! what! the devil!" exclaimed the dying doctor, as he started with surprising agility on his feet. "The sow in the cistern, did you say? You careless jade, what did you leave the cistern open for? There! a good ten dollars gone." He rushed out, half dressed, to explore the watery premises; and there, sure enough, he beheld the cause of all his alarm, the drowned old sow.

The doctor lived many years afterward, but he never fairly got over the story of the death warning. Mrs. Philibotony and the Minister did what they could to keep the report from going abroad; but the Squire, whenever the subject was broached, put his finger mysteriously beside his nose, gave a knowing wink, and merely said—"Did I ever tell you that story?"

"Never, Squire."

"Then I won't," he replied.

Peggy was dismissed from the family, and therefore had a good excuse for blabbing. And Justus, the sly rogue, thought it too good a story to sleep in silence in the premises of his master.

A MILITIA CAPTAIN.

A captain of militia, in one of the up-river towns was in the habit of swearing "by forty." He had like many other militia officers who command "slab" companies, a troublesome set of fellows to deal with.

One training day, when the soldiers behaved, as usual, very disorderly, he drew his sword and furiously brandishing it in the air, exclaimed—Feller sagers! I swear by forty, if you dont behave better, I'll put every devil of you under 'rest!"

"I wish you would give us a little rest," said half a dozen voices, for we're c'en-a-most tired to death."

"Order! order! feller sagers," roared the captain, with another tremendous flourish of his sword. The word was no sooner spoken, than they all came to an order, bringing down the breaches of their guns with all violence, each upon his neighbor's toes—which threw the ranks into greater disorder than before.

"Dress! dress!" bawled the captain.

"We are dressed, most on us," replied a fellow, who was barefoot and had on a rimless hat.

"Now, by forty," said the captain, "that's one tarnal lie; you aint above half dressed, if that's what you mean—but I mean something else—I mean you should dress in the military sense of the word."

"How's that, captain?" cried half a dozen voices.

"How's that! you fools you," exclaimed the captain "by forty, have you been so long under my training and dont know the meaning of dress? Form a straight line! I say—form a straight line!"

The soldiers made sundry ineffectual efforts to get into a right line, and the captain began to despair of ever straightening them, when his military genius (that, which ever most distinguishes a great commander in emergencies) suddenly suggested to him the novel expedient of backing his men up against a neighboring fence, which fortunately happened to be straight.

"Tention! feller sagers," said he, in a stentorian voice, "Advance backwards! Music, quick step!"

The soldiers made a quick retrograde movement, and came with their backs plump against the fence.

"There! by forty," said the captain, "now see if you can keep straight. But he had scarcely performed this successful manoeuvre, and was about resuming the manual exercise, when the clouds began to threaten rain; and the soldiers, squinting at the aspect of the heavens, commenced deserting their ranks and moving in all haste towards a neighboring tavern.

"Halt! halt!" roared the captain—"halt!" I say feller sagers; where the devil are you going to?"

"We're goin to get out of the rain."

"Out of the rain! you cowards! Halt! I say, or I'll stick the first man I can catch."

"I'll take care you sha'n't catch me," shouted each one, as he took to his heels. In less than a minute, the whole company had deserted; and the captain, whose motions were much retarded by his regimentals, had little chance of sticking them, for the very sufficient reason, that he could not overtake them.

"By forty!" said he, after standing for two or three minutes in speechless astonishment, "if this dont beat all the military movements I ever heard of! Just as I'd got them into a straight line by a new manoeuvre—to desert me thus! But, there's no use in keeping the field all alone; I may as well go to the tavern too." So saying, he sheathed his sword, and followed his soldiers.

SETTING COFFEE WITH AN EGG. An Irish girl, just imported, the extent of whose culinary information scarcely reached beyond the cooking of "praties," was told by her mistress, the other morning, that she must settle the coffee with an egg.

"With an aig, is it?" said Cathleen O'Callaghan—"and how must I do that same?"

"Why, you must put the egg into the coffee, to be sure," replied the mistress.

"Is that all?" said Cathleen—"and that's aisy enough too."

The coffee, after cooking the usual time, was brought upon the table, and found to be as thick as porridge.

"I thought I told you to settle the coffee with an egg," said the mistress.

"And so I did, with two on 'em," replied the girl.

"But the coffee is as thick as mush. Are you sure you put in the eggs?"

"Sure enough am I—and if you dont 'blave it, look in the coffee pot jist, and you'll saa them."

The lady raised the lid of the pot, and sure enough, there were two eggs which had never been broken.

UNITY OF THE X-CABINET.

"It had come together in great harmony, and as a unit," LETTERS TO INGEGRAHAM AND BRANCH.

Dick. How can a unit, being one,

Like sep'rate things together come?

If you have light, impart me some,

And say, how can the thing be done?

Pat. The Prex's meaning's very clear,

And says, as plain as language can,

To each X-Secretary, "Dear,

Ye're jist the fraction of a man."

Why is a man who is ruled by an ugly old woman, like a piece of meat awkwardly carved? D'ye give it up? Because he is hog-led.

Why is a Corporation dinner like money? D'ye give it up? Because it "makes the Mayor go."

The interesting story from the French, communicated by our correspondent "Frank," if we mistake not, has already been published in the Constellation.

CHATHAM THEATRE. This establishment, which was re-opened on Wednesday evening, has lately been repaired, altered, and fitted up in very pretty style. New scenery has been painted, the stage enlarged, and the circus changed into a pit. The seats in the boxes are covered with new cloth; and the open spaces at the backs of the lower tier, closed with a Chinese lattice, so as to prevent intrusion, and at the same time admit a free circulation of air. The floor of the first box-lobby is covered with green cloth, as at the Park, which will prevent the noise in walking. The work in front of the boxes has been new painted, gilt, and ornamented; the private boxes tastefully fitted up; the saloons repaired; the entrance to the Theatre widened; and indeed such improvements made throughout, as do much credit to the taste and spirit of the managers.

Several performers of merit are engaged, among which we may name Messrs. Thayer, Hyatt, and Chapman—Mrs. Gilfert, &c. &c. The managers have been at great expense in fitting up the Theatre, and intend the performances shall be so attractive, as to insure them a return for their money.

We understand an efficient police will attend for the preservation of order—which is certainly an important regulation, and would be still more so, if this same police would not only prevent riots, but the noise arising from talking within the pit and boxes, which, in all our theatres, tends to mar the pleasure, comfort, and satisfaction of those who go to hear what is said on the stage.—Why should not the audience in a Theatre be as still as in a Church—or a Court room? Why should there not be the same decent attention to the speakers on the Stage, as to those in the Pulpit or at the Bar? The expression of one's feelings at the performances, in the way of laughter, applause, and the like, is of course allowable; but nothing can be more vexatious, than to be surrounded by a set of unmannerly wretches, who go to talk rather than to hear.

POLICE. A black woman, with her head bound up, and an old petticoat thrown over her shoulders, came into the Police Office on Tuesday, to complain of her husband. She said she had been "beat and bruised and struck senseless."

Magistrate. Struck senseless!

Woman. Yes, Sir, I thought I was senseless—I felt jist as tho' gh I was.

Magistrate. But how could you feel, if you were senseless?

Woman. Wy, I felt all over numb like, and full o' discruciatin pain. I wish you'd jist look at my forehead here (untying her head)—it's as black as your hat. (A laugh.)

Magistrate. I perceive it is. But you'd better go home and make the quarrel up.

Woman. I cant make it up. I shall be killed again, if I go home without a constable.

Magistrate. If you behave peaceably yourself, I dont think your husband will kill you.

Woman. I shall never feel myself safe till the old man's in bride's well—he'll allus be saltin and batterin me, when he's drunk.

It appeared, however, from the account of a witness, that the woman as well as the husband, was in the habit of getting drunk, and the witness declared there wasnt "a hippeny to choose betwixt 'em—there being six to one, and half a dozen to tother." She was dismissed to make the matter up in the best manner she could.

"Double double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

The Scotch Witches, in Macbeth, when reciting the words of their enchantment, had evidently a kind of second sight or squinting at the scenes of a morning-day in New York. More blue devils and black are stirred up in the hubbub of a first of May, than were ever raised by the witches' cauldron. But something of a parallel may be drawn between the operations of the weird sisters and those of our movers on the first of May. The weird sisters were armed with brooms—so are our movers on the first of May. They made "fire burn and cauldron bubble"—so do our movers on the first of May. They collected together all manner of heterogeneous matters—so do our movers on the first of May. They kept fidgeting round and round—so do our movers on the first of May. They raised an assortment of evil spirits—so do our movers on the first of May. They kept muttering "Double, double toil and trouble"—so do our movers on the first of May. In short, not to draw a longer parallel, the resemblance is very striking. Query. Was it not about the first of May when "Binnam Wood" came to "Dunsinane?" What could be more moving?

The Sultan of Turkey has issued a decree, prohibiting his Musselmans subjects from calling Christians by the opprobrious name of *Dog*, so long in use among the followers of Mahomet.

LIVES OF PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS. Nos. XVII. XVIII. and XIX. of Harpers' Family Library, are just published—containing the "LIVES OF PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS; By Allan Cunningham, Esq." To each of the volumes is prefixed an elegant engraving—the first being the likeness of Flaxman; the second, that of West; and the third, that of Flaxman. These numbers of the Family Library, like the preceding, are got up in very handsome style. Of the interesting nature of the present work we need say nothing. There is scarcely any species of reading so pleasant as that of biography; and the lives of distinguished artists, written by so popular an author as Allen Cunningham, can hardly fail of being duly appreciated by the reading community.

ORGAN OF DESTRUCTIVENESS. We understand that the phenologists, who attentively examined the head of Gibbs, after his execution, found the organ of destructiveness wonderfully developed, and are unanimously of opinion that he was a notorious scoundrel.

MR. EDITOR.—I am a member of the Temperance Society, and a beer drinker. You know we are prohibited the use of ardent spirits, and many persons are deterred from joining our Society, on account of so great abstinence. But I can assure them, after all, it is no such terrible hardship. We are allowed to drink as much strong beer as we please; and between you and me, I think we are rather gainers by leaving off ardent spirits. I used to take a glass of brandy on an evening without feeling in the least jollied; but I find that a pot of beer makes me as happy as a lord. There is certainly more of the spirituous principle, called alcohol, in a pint of beer, than in half a gill of brandy; so that, although spirits are strictly forbidden by our Society, we get a larger quantity of the fuddling principles, by exchanging brandy for beer. And then you know, as there is no sin in drinking beer, why we can take two pots of an evening instead of one. Even if we should take a gallon, who is to say us nay? The more Temperance liquor a man drinks, the more temperate he is—that's logical—and one can fairly get into bed, after drinking a gallon of beer, it makes one sleep like a log.

To conclude, Mr. Editor, it is quite a mistaken notion that some people have got, that Temperance is a difficult thing. For my part, I find it the most agreeable thing in the world, and regret that I did not find it out years ago. I have just now taken a third pot of Stoncall's best, and my nerves, (which were a little shattered by the use of brandy) are now in the most comfortable state you can imagine. I advise every body to become temperate—to leave off drinking ardent spirits—and take to drinking beer. They will be gainers by it. Yours, truly,

M. A. L. T.

HIGHLAND ENGLISH. In the reign of Charles I. it was customary for the north country merchants to barter their goods, generally fish, with their richer neighbors of the south. Two Highland Baillies, merchants, came to Edinburgh with a quantity of spellings to exchange for stockings, cloth, &c. Sandy, one of them, on arriving at the shop where they expected to exchange goods, said to Donald, the other, "You, Tonal, can be spokt in gooder English, and mack you a good sickar pargain." After the usual compliments were paid, Donald, asked the merchant, "Gen ye please, sir, will you bought for bought?" "Hout, Tonal, man," replied Sandy, "me be thought you be spokt it the gooder English; she means will you buy for buy."

Scotsman.

SCOTTISH CLANSHIP. All of the same clan are popularly considered as descended from the same stock, and as having a right to the ancestral honor of the chief branch. This custom, though sometimes ideal, is as strong, even at this day of innovation, that it may be observed as a national difference between our countrymen and the English. If you ask an Englishman of good birth, whether a person of the same name be connected with him, he answers, if in doubt, "No—he is a wair natusake." Ask a similar question of a Scot, (I mean a Scotsman,) he replies—"He is one of our clan; I dreezy there is a relationship, though I do not know how distant." The Englishman thinks of disesteeming a species of rivalry in society; the Scotsman's answer is grounded on the ancient idea of strengthening the clan.

Preface to the Waverley Novels, Vol. XX.

GRAMMAR VERSUS ORTHODOXY. A worthy young clergyman, who has a respectable ku'k in his eye, was in company, a few days ago, with a venerable matron of the old school, who congratulated the reverend gentleman as follows:—"Heh, sirs! I hear ye'er coming out to be a minister hooh—Eh, man, see that ye preach gude common sense and orthodoxy. Dinna fish your head we' grammar, callan for a bottle of grammar grammar-dina edify; and the pu'p'it and the world were both better when nae grammar was heard tell o'. Preach ye gude common sense, ladi, but aboon all things preach Orthodoxy."

Edinburgh Scotsman.

A tipsy preacher, in Dumfries, Scotland, was saying from the pulpit, "what was it, think ye, gude people, that swallowed Jonah? It was nae horse, it was nae cow." "I suppose, (said an old woman,) it was a whale your reverence." I suppose, (replied he,) you are a fool; you might as well take the brede oot of my mouth, as the word of God."

POETRY.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MY SINCERE PLACE.

How's this, my Lord Grey, do you mean what you say?
Abolish all sinecures—come, my Lord, pray!
Oh, hear me, my Lord,—is this really the case?
Nay, do not take from me my Sincere Place.

Consider, my income is small for a Peer;
I'm poor, if you take my odd thousands a year.
Consider, I pray you, how ancient my race,
Its dignity adds with my Sincere Place.

My mansion in town has been lately rebuilt,
Adorn'd with superb stables, and gilt;
Pray, how shall I look Mr. Nash in the face,
If you put an end to my Sincere Place?

My coat must also be kept in repair,
One month out of twelve I contrive to be there;
One month I devote to the joys of the chase,
My estate would go with my Sincere Place.

My cottage, dear, on the Devonshire coast,
Must also be sold, if my place should be lost.
Now, pray, my Lord, do recede in my case,
And let me retain my Sincere Place.

My lady, her opera box must be sold!
My lady, the beauty—you'll own, would be sold.
My fortune won't pay for her feathers and lace—
Then leave me, oh leave me, my Sincere Place.

Economy may be discreet I dare say,
Retrenchment is all very well in a way;
But there's no occasion for setting your face
'Gainst my individual Sincere Place.

You must, my Lord Grey, (it is time to be frank)
Oppose the importance of personal rank;
The aristocrat look up to you now—
Support them, and leave me my Sincere Place.

If beggarly vagabonds will make a row,
Be firm, and intemperate, no matter how—
Even flourish a sword in such vagabonds' face—
I'll do it myself for my Sincere Place.

I'll stipulate always to give you my vote—
Whatever you desire, I'll obey by rote;
Your notions—*whether they may be*—I'll embrace,
And I'll do any job for my Sincere Place.

THE

PROHIBITED ARMS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

A Shrirow once, on duty in the street,
At night, a man close muffled, came to meet;
A ray of light fell on him, and revealed
He carried something "tush his cloak concealed."

The Shrirow thought 'twas some forbidden arms,
(Assessors at that time caused great alarms,
"What have you there?" said he; "you shant expose
My search!" The man replied, "A long sword blade.")

The cloak the Shrirow raised, and there discovered
That by his folds a flask of wine was covered;
Which wine he tasted, liked it, nor did stop
Until he had consumed it every drop!

With look severe he headed back the flask,
And said, "I've much too mildly done my task,
For though I'm forced to take away your sword,
The sheath, too, belongs to me, now restored!"

TO A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL.

BY MRS. HELENS.

Creature of air and light,
Emblem of that which may not fade or die!
Wait thou not speed thy flight,
To chase the south wind from the sunny sky?
What fares thee, thus to stay
Mid silence and decay,
Fixed on the wreck of gall Mortality?
The thought once chambered there
Have gathered up their treasures, and are gone!
Will the dust tell us when
They that have left the prison-house, have flown?
How, musing of the day,
If thou wouldst trace their way:
Hark how we strive to seek the secret known!
Who seeks the vanished bird
By the forest's nest, and broken shell?
For thence she sings unheard,
Yet free and joyous midst the woods and dell!
Thou of the sunshine born,
Take the bright wings of morn—
Fly hence, call'st thouward from the gloomy cell!

LINES ON CANNING'S FUNERAL.

BY LORD ROBERT.

I stood beside his tomb—no cloud of steam
Peb'd through the girdle, above the morning train;
But power, hush'd, would to rise above
The silent sorrow of a people's love.

No funeral scroll, no trophied car was there,
Nor glancing arms, no tricolour marking cheer—
The plain and decent homage best defined
The simple tear of his mighty mind.

His hard-earned, self-earned, enduring fame,
Needs not what wealth may buy, or birth may claim;
His worth, his deeds, no sword was e'er to define—
The page of England's glory is their shrine.

Are others wandering? Mark the dawn of peace
That glids the struggle of regenerate Greece;
On London's height see Britain's flag unfurl'd,
See freedom's banner o'er an infant world!

Ask ye how some have loved, how all revere?
Survey the group that bend around his bier:
Blest well the living breast, the stifled sigh—
Sings, with their kingdom, could not win their grief!

Mr. Ames, in a lecture, lately delivered on medical jurisprudence, related the following singular fact:—"I may mention a fact, which of course does not appear in the printed trial, that Patch's Counsel, then Sergeant Best, pressed the prisoner, in conference before the trial, to say whether he was not left-handed,—but he protested he was not,—as the evidence proved that the murder was committed by means of a pistol shot by a left-handed man; but being called upon to speak, and put up his hand, he answered 'Not guilty,' and raised his left hand."

It was observed of the Duke of M——, that he frequently sent his fish to market. "I always took him," said a great wit, "to be a self fish dealer."

VARIETY.

A very singular matter happened at Wilkinson Superior Court last week. A gentleman, a member of the Grand Jury, asked his neighbor for the loan of a dollar. He assented, took out his pocket book and opened it, when the applicant, seeing a dollar note, put his hand into the book, in a familiar way, and took it out. The lender, a short time afterwards, missed a hundred dollar bill.—From the borrower's manner, and from his having taken the dollar bill rather too familiarly, he was suspected—and the lender finally became satisfied that the \$100 bill had been taken feloniously, at the same time that the one dollar bill was taken. The borrower, asserting his innocence, a bill of indictment was preferred against him, the jury returned a true bill, he was expelled from the jury; and so strong was public feeling against him that he had to go to jail, for the want of bail. There was no doubt that he would be convicted.

In the mean time, another man who was attending court, heard of the circumstances, and having received what purported to be thirty-five dollars, on the same day, from the lender above mentioned. He went home and examined the money. Neither himself nor his wife being able to read, all that they could determine was, that there were 3 notes, which he had taken as ten dollars each, and one as five—and that one of the tens was unlike the others. He brought the money to the Court House the next day—handed it to the Solicitor, and explained the circumstance of his having received it the day before. On examination, one of the bills supposed to have been paid for TEN, turned out to be a hundred dollar bill. This explained the loss. The borrower was brought out of jail, relieved from all suspicion of crime, and restored to his rights and privileges as a member of the Grand Jury—and to his standing in society.

Royal (alias sans culotte) Condescension. A few days since, L—— left town in a great hurry for Brighton, where, passing along the Steyne, he met the King. His Majesty, with his usual frank urbanity, accosted him as an old acquaintance.—"Ah, L——, how are ye? What brings ye here? How long do ye stay?" L—— replied, he came to see a sick relation, and was obliged to return the ensuing day. "Pooh, pooh, pooh," said his Majesty, "You must dine with me first." "Please your Majesty, I am under the necessity of returning immediately." "Nonsense! come to-morrow. Sir Herbert, do you mind L—— does not go away without dining with me." L—— whispered to Sir Herbert, that it was quite impossible he could avail himself of the honor, for he was deficient in a certain article of dress. Sir Herbert overwhelmed poor L——, by at once informing his Majesty of his reason for declining the honor, namely, that he had no breeches. "Nonsense! ceremony—stuff! let him come without—let him come without," said the King. *London Gazette.*

The Duke of Wellington was remarkable for the coolness with which he gave his directions.—Even in the heat of an engagement he has been known to give vent to a humorous observation, especially when it seemed to raise the spirits of his men. Thus, when the British were storming Badajoz, his grace rode up whilst the balls were falling around, and, observing an artillery man particularly active, inquired the man's name. He was answered, "Taylor." "A very good name too," remarked Wellington, "cheer up my son, your Taylor will soon make a pair of breeches—in the walls!" At this sally the men forgot the danger of their situation, a burst of laughter broke from them, and the next charge carried the fortresses. *Morning Herald.*

A plain distinction. A young man, who had been rather too liberal in his *desirs* to the jolly god, was yesterday brought before the police, for certain uproarious conduct; to which charge he pleaded guilty, and was dealt with accordingly. But in the indictment he was appellationed a *Printer*; to which allegation he demurred, declaring that he was a good member of the community of *Hatters*. A bystander thought that a trifling matter, as there could be no essential difference between these classes of artisans. The court, however, took a different view of the case, and were of opinion that there existed a very striking difference between one who wrought for the *inside*, and another who wrought for the *outside* of the head. *Boston Traveller.*

Good Recruiting. A Sergeant who was recruiting in Leicestershire last week, told his Captain he had got him an extraordinary recruit. "Ave!" said the Captain, "what is he?" "A butcher, Sir, (replied the sergeant) and you will find him very useful, for we have enlisted two sheep-stealers in the company before him."

Steel Traps and Spring Guns. A person in the daily habit of visiting Mr. W——'s Grocery, and revelling gratuitously on choice dainties, became particularly enamored of a cask of fine almonds. One day last week, Mr. W. noticed for the first time, that his visitor's hands were of enormous capacity, and that it had subtracted rather more than he could afford to part with at every gripe, and accordingly determined to prevent future aggressions. Next day, punctual at the hour, his friend and patron entered the store and saluted him with the old stereotyped salutation, "I'll try a few of your almonds," and in accordance with his declaration, thrust his hand into the barrel, but, alack for wo, it was instantly seized by a "steel trap." Mr. W. who had been watching the success of his plan, continued waiting upon his cash customers, observing only by way of condolence, "that it was a very singular accident; he set the trap there to catch rats, for they carried off his almonds so fast, he could not suffer it any longer." *Boston Transcript.*

Ready-made Sermons. Many booksellers make it a part of their trade to employ authors to write sermons, which being printed in a sort of letter, that at a distance looks like manuscript, they are enabled to supply the clergy with sermons ready made. Dr. Wilkins, the compiler of the Biographical Dictionary, is one of these authors; the booksellers usually charge 10s. 6d. a bundle, for sermons of that description. An amusing circumstance occurred to Mr. Biddley of Plymouth, which was occasioned by the use of sermons of this sort. A brother clergyman paid him a visit, and was invited to preach; he did so; and, on his coming down from the pulpit, Mr. Biddley observed to him that he had preached a most excellent sermon, but unfortunately he had preached the very same sermon only the week before.

Mr. Curtis's Speech at Congress on Monday.

Napoleon on Poland. During the Polish campaign of 1806, the mother of Prince Czartorinski, who is at this moment president of the government at Warsaw, sent General Sokolnicki to Murat—at that time Napoleon's secretary, to solicit a specimen of the emperor's autograph. At the very moment when the general presented himself, Murat chanced to be turning over a piece of paper, on which Napoleon had just been trying his pen with the following lines: "The partition of Poland is the deepest political crime committed in modern times." This relief has been set in a rich frame, and may be seen in the museum at Putavi, which the Princess Czartorinski has filled with mementos of the illustrious great. *London Court Journal.*

We have heard the story told of the late "Big Dick," that when he was once taken before a magistrate for making a riot, he was ordered to find bail for a subsequent trial. "I have no bail," said Dick. "Then I must commit you," said his honor. "Commit me!" exclaimed the prisoner, "then the Lord send you the rope that stops the wind when the ship's at anchor." "What do you mean by that?" asked the Justice, "I insist on an explanation of that phrase." "Why," said he, "it's the *lashing rope, at the yard arm.*" *Boston Galaxy.*

"Waiter!" drawled out a particularly witty university student, who was reclining his beautiful limbs upon some six or eight chairs, in an apartment at a noted hotel—"Waiter! bring us a bottle of *hic haec hoo.*" The waiter paid no attention to the command; and, upon being called upon again, was damned for a stupid rascal, and asked the reason why he did not bring the hock. "Really, gentleman," said he with a bow, "I thought one of you had declined it!" *Id.*

Mr. —, a well known Deputy Sheriff once presented a copy of a writ to an auctioneer, apologizing at the same time for his unfriendly visit, and concluded with hoping that the other would not be offended, as he was merely performing an unpleasant duty of his profession. "Certainly not," said the auctioneer, "you must attend to the duties of your profession, and so must I to mine;" and instantly *knocked him down.* *Id.*

David. It is related of the French painter David, that he attended the execution of his friends, Danton and Camille Desmoulins, as a spectacle connected with his improvement in the art of painting; and that at the time of the massacre of the prisoners at La Force, in September, 1792, he was composedly making sketches from the dying and the dead. Rebol asked him what he was doing. He coolly replied, "I am catching the last convulsions of nature, in these scoundrels."

A fine family. In the parish of Titchhurst, there is a family of 7 brothers, whose united height is 48 feet. The youngest is 16, and the eldest 35 years of age.

Origin of throwing at Cocks on Shrove Tuesday. An old German writer, of the name of Cramenstein, we are informed, gives the following account of the origin of our throwing at cocks on Shrove Tuesday. Whilst the Danes were masters of England, and lorded it over the natives, the inhabitants of a certain city, grown weary of the slavery, had formed a secret conspiracy to murder their masters in one bloody night, when twelve men had undertaken to enter the town-hall by stratagem, and seizing the arms, to surprise the guard which kept it, at which time, their fellows upon a signal given, were to come out of their houses, and murder all opposers; but while they were putting this plan in execution, the unusual crowing and fluttering of the cocks, near the place which they attempted to enter, discovered and frustrated their design; upon which the Danes became so enraged, that they redoubled their cruelty, exercising still greater severity over the English. Soon after, however, the English became freed from the Danish yoke, they instituted the custom of throwing at Cocks on Shrove Tuesday, the day of their disappointment, from a stupid and barbarian passion of revenge against the innocent cause of their misfortune, instead of admiring the natural vigilance of the birds, however, unfortunately applied in a particular case: a reverse of the conduct of the Romans, who honoured the vigilance of geese which saved the capital. This infamous sport, although at first only practised in one city, in process of time became a national diversion, and remains even to this hour, in some parts of the country, exhibiting a strong taint of original ignorance and barbarism in the national character, which has not even yet been wiped out by legislation.

Mowbray's Practical Treatise on Domestic Poultry.

A haughty General who had risen from obscurity to the rank which he enjoyed, one day reviewing his troops, took notice of a man in the ranks, who was excessively dirty. Going up to him, he said, "How dare you, you rascal, appear on parade with that dirty shirt? It is as black as ink! Did you ever see me so nasty, and with such a dirty shirt, when I was a private man?" "No, your honor, to be sure I never did," answered the man, "but then your honor will please to recollect, that your honor's mother was a washer-woman."

Ear for Music. The Band of an English Ambassador at Constantinople, once performed a concert for the entertainment of the Sultan and his Court. At its conclusion, his Highness was asked which of the pieces he preferred. He replied, the first, which was re-commenced, but stopped, as not being the right one. Others were tried with as little success, until at length the band, almost in despair of discovering the favorite air, began tuning their instruments, when his highness exclaimed, "Inshallah, Heaven be praised, that is it!"

Benefits of Early Instruction. The advantage of having learnt the catechism to a child wandering in darkness may be estimated by the following trifling circumstance:—A lady observing a little girl apparently lost in the street, accosted her with the question of "Whose child are you?" "Child of wrath, ma'am!" cried the little arch, dropping a courtesy, as if addressing the parson. The lady resumed, and said, "Where were you born?" "Born in sin, ma'am," persevered the diminutive theologian. *Tatler.*

The late Lord Stair. Lewis XIV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best bred men in Europe. "I shall soon put that to the test," said the King; and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door of the coach was opened, he bade him pass and go in: the other bowed and obeyed. The King said, "the world is in the right in the character it gives, another person would have stumbled me with ceremony."

Lord Faulkland, the author of the play called the Marriage Night, was chosen very young to sit in Parliament, and when he was first elected, some of the members opposed his admission, alleging that he had not sold all his wild oats:—"Then," replied he, "it will be the best way to sow the remainder in this House, where there are so many geese to pick them up."

When the whole French army had been ordered to leave out of provision, and out of their quarters, many turned out all obeyed, excepting one old grenadier belonging to Junot's brigade, who vowed no force should take from him his beloved queen, unless the General cut the first hair. On this reaching Junot's ears, he swore that should be no hindrance, the men were sent for, Junot took up the scissors, and began clipping; and, dismissing him with a twenty franc piece, the veteran went contentedly to be trimmed by the barber. *Memoires de Constant.*

Translated from "Le Courrier des Etats Unis" for the Boston Daily Advertiser.

THE DOG AND HIS MASTER.

A farmer of Cheshire once had a dog, remarkable for courage, intelligence, and other good qualities; but there was one fault about him which was inexcusable—he was deficient in probity.—Certain sheep would disappear from time to time in a mysterious manner from the farmer's fold. The wolves could not be accused of the theft, for there are no wolves in England, we all know.—The honest countryman had his suspicions, and it was not long before the true offender was discovered and punished according to his deserts.—But the dog did not reform, and his next offence subjected him to a far severer chastisement. He was whipped within an inch of his life, and left for dead on the same spot, where he had committed his depredations. He was so far alive, however, as to be able to limp towards some neighboring underwood, where, thanks to the strength of his constitution, the energy of his character, and perhaps the absence of all medical interference, in a short time nothing remained of his wounds save the scars.

But what could his recovery avail him? He believed himself expelled for ever from his master's presence; he considered himself unworthy of forgiveness, and despaired of ever correcting his irresistible penchant for mutton. In fine he decamped from his native village, and after wandering a long while, finished his rambles by enrolling in a band of highwaymen.

Two or three years after, the farmer of Cheshire chanced to be journeying in an unfrequented part of the country. Night and a storm overtook him near an isolated and suspicious looking inn; he entered it. An old woman and three men were seated before a fire, whilst a huge dog was turning the spit. The farmer recognized his old attendant in the latter, and advanced to fondle it. The animal growled furiously, showed his teeth, and was about to spring upon the stranger. The inmates of the tavern interposed, and the dog repulsed, resumed his culinary functions. The new comer, having supped, retired to the apartment allotted him.

He was preparing to undress, when a low barking at the door induced him to listen; he opened it, and who should enter but the canine turnspit. The dog was no longer surly and furious, but meek and gentle, crouching at the feet of his old master, licking his hands and asking pardon, as distinctly as he could for his late conduct. After returning him his caresses, the man of Cheshire wished to be rid of his presence. The dog refused to retire. The traveller finally consented to his remaining, and rose to shut the door. This the dog opposed, seizing the flaps of his coat between his teeth, and striving to drag him out of the room. The farmer did not know what to make of all this; he thought it strange, that when he went towards the bed, the dog should drag him towards the door—and when he appeared on the point of leaving the chamber, that the creature should exhibit such lively demonstrations of joy. This made him reflect. Where was he? In an isolated house, situated in the midst of a solitary moor. The individuals who had welcomed him on his arrival were not possessed of physiognomies calculated to do away his unfavorable suspicions. Might he not be even now in a den of thieves. This any how was his final conclusion. He then armed himself with a brace of pistols, opened the shutters, took the clothes from off the bed, tied them from the window, and placed the lamp in the chimney. Having taken these precautions, he barricaded the door and awaited the result.

He did not wait long. At the touch of a spring a trap-door opened beneath the bed, and the latter slipped down out of sight.

At this occurrence, our farmer let himself down by the clothes which he had tied to the window, and ran at full speed to the nearest village. The inhabitants armed themselves and accompanied him to the inn. It was soon surrounded and the sandits were arrested. Search was made under the guidance of the dog, and connected with the trap-door was found a vault, where visible proofs were exhibited both of their guilt and cruelty.

The farmer gratefully took back his preserver, and never had occasion to beat him afterwards; he having quite overcome his old propensity of sheep-stealing, and acquired habits of honesty and integrity, in a school of thieves.

LONDON POLICE.

MANSION HOUSE. Rags and Rogues. Three men, dressed in tattered sailors' attire, were brought before the Lord Mayor, charged under the following curious circumstances:—

A baker, named Simpson, stated that the prisoners were three vagabonds who united the trade

of begging with that of thieving. They usually loitered about the door of a baker's shop, and, when they had an opportunity, one of them slipped in and slipped away two or three loaves, while the others stood outside and guarded his retreat. They had also a little trick by which they added to their means of living. They stood opposite to a baker's window, and, as decent people passed they rubbed their hands, stared at the loaves, and cried "Oh bread, bread—starving, starving!"—and by such actions they got a great many pence but not one farthing did they lay out with the baker—(laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—No, I suppose they went to another sort of shop with their money.

The baker said he had ascertained that, although the prisoners were not sailors, they spent their money as jovially as if they were. The owners of some of the shops at which the fellows played the farce of starvation, did not object at first to the exhibition, in the hope that some of the pence would be spent in the purchase of the staff of life; but it happened that not one of the famishing trio went to work with a hungry belly, for upon one occasion, when they all stood at a baker's door with their eyes and mouths wide open, a loaf was broken, and in vain handed to them. They were so well filled that they pocketed it, to carry it home they said, to a comrade who was starving worse than themselves—(a laugh.)

An officer said that some of the baker's beggars when they received bread, contrived, by slight-of-hand, to dispose of it in such a manner as to convince the by-standers there was no trick. There was one fellow who could, to all appearance swallow a half-quarter loaf; but it was a pantomimic swallow, and people who thought he would destroy himself if they gave him more bread, then threw money to him to wet it—(laughter.)

The Lord Mayor said that it would, he was sure, be agreeable to the prisoners to know that, if they were obliged, in prison, to earn their bread it would be by grinding corn.

The complainant stated that they had played the game of starvation at his shop; but, finding that it would not do, they played the other game, and were apprehended, after having shuffled a loaf from one to the other.

Here a person stepped forward, and said the prisoners had been guilty of another trick some time ago. They had been supplied, by order of the late Lord Mary, with a pair of shoes each, and a shilling, and they promised to walk off and get a ship. They were, however, seen afterwards barefooted, going into a celebrated gin-gang, on Holborn-hill, and it was immediately ascertained that they had sold their shoes in Field-lane, and were getting lusher with the produce—(laughter.) Mr. Hobler said it was a common practice with sturdy beggars to sell the shoes they received in Field-lane and retire to the gin-shop.

The three prisoners were without shoes, and the officers, upon taking hold of them, by the feet, said they were such feet as required no shoes, as the skin was as thick as any leather.

The prisoners were sent to Bridewell for three months.

SYMPTOMS.

For the benefit of hypochondriacs of all classes, and of both sexes, as well as hysterical ladies, we give insertion to an amusing extract from "Thinks I to Myself."

"One day, as I was walking in the garden with Mrs. Mandeville and the females of the family, it came into my head that Emily would like to have a beautiful moss-rose that I had just gathered: 'Thinks I to myself, I'll go and stick it in her bosom'—at that very moment I had such an extraordinary seizure of the bumping at my heart that I was ready to drop; but what appeared to me more strange was, that I could not go to her, do what I would; for the first time in my life, I felt a sort of dread of her. While Mrs. Mandeville had been questioning me about the ball at Nicotium Castle, a little before, I thought she looked displeased with me; and when I expected it of her as a friend, that she would have liked to hear of the notice that had been taken of me, I observed she walked quite away—I had never quarrelled with her, and all my life, nor she with me—I would have done any thing to have served her, or pleased her; and now that I felt afraid of her, I still wanted to serve her; and please her more than ever. 'Thinks I to myself, certainly I am bewitched'—soon after she came up to us of her own accord: 'Thinks I to myself, now I'll give her the rose; so I went to her with it, and was going to offer it, but my tongue suddenly got so perfectly dry in my mouth, that I'll be hanged if I could speak a word: 'Thinks I to myself, I am certainly going to die. I was so frightened, I got away as soon as I could; but the bumping continued all the way home, worse, I think than ever. I was afraid to tell my mother of it, because I knew she would send for Mr. Bolus, and that always ended in such severe and long continued discipline, generally beginning with an emetic, which tore me to pieces, that I always kept my malady to myself as long as I could.

"As my sister had just come home, I asked her about it; but she only laughed at me, though I could not tell why—I got into my father's library,

one morning, in order to try if I could find my case in any of the physical books there, of which he had a store. I looked into a good many, just running over the symptoms of each, which caught my eye, as being in capital letters thus, symptoms—and it is past all conception what a variety of diseases I seemed to have: for to look for bumping only, was nothing; the more I read, the more symptoms I detected—I was not aware of the hundredth part of what I suffered, till the book suggested them:—I plainly saw my case to be (at least I thought so then) a complication of all the classes, orders, genera, and species of disease, that had ever afflicted the race of man. As I went along and questioned myself as to the several symptoms of the different disorders as laid down in the book, I found I had not only bumpings, but dreadful pains in the head and loins, with a weariness of limbs, stretching, yawning, shivering, and shaking, which are pretty plain signs, as any body must allow, of an approaching fever. I had a rigor or chilliness, pains in my back, difficulty in breathing. I had a violent pricking pain in one of the sides, deep down among my ribs, which was manifestly a pleurisy or peripneumony: I could not exactly discern which: I had violent flushing in the face, disturbed sleep, and a singing in my ears, which seemed to me to indicate a phrenitis. I had a painful tension on the right side also, opposite the pricking pain in my left, under the false ribs, which I knew at once to be a disordered liver: in short I kept looking and looking, till I was evidently convinced I had not a sound part about me; and I should, I am persuaded, have taken to my bed, and died, to the great joy of Mrs. Fidget, if it had not been that I rather wished to die. Ever since Emily Mandeville had looked grave at me, I had felt as bold as a lion about dying, and will venture to say, could have resolutely walked into the very arms of old Drybones with his hour glass, had I but met him any where in my walks.

"I did, however, take a little medicine, by advice of the books, picked up here and there. I managed to buy some Ipecacuanha, asafoetida, Glauber's salt, and compound tincture of senna, which, mixing up with a small parcel of Jalap, and some socotrine aloes, (not very regularly I confess, for I knew nothing of the proper portions) I took a tea spoonful night and morning, for three days, which so effectually moved my stomach, as to give me, as I thought, the fairest chance of a perfect recovery; however, not so; I could not touch the bumping after all which occurred so instantaneously upon the smallest recollection of Emily Mandeville, that, had she been old and ugly, or had she ever been seen in the air, or on a broom, it must have convinced me, that she was the exact person that had bewitched me.—I continued in this state for some days after my sister's return home: during which time Miss Twist came often to see her in her carriage, and Emily Mandeville once on foot; I could plainly perceive that though the latter did not at all mind coming on foot, the former was very proud indeed of coming in her carriage; but what was odd, even this difference between the two, as soon as I perceived it bro't on the bumping at my heart: 'Thinks I to myself, Emily shall ride in her carriage too.

"I know not how long I might have remained in this miserable, uncertain state, had it not been for the most unlooked for accident that ever befel one in my sad condition. One day that Miss Twist had dined with us, she and my sister, in the evening, were playing and singing at the piano forte. They both sang extremely well, only Miss Twist was so abominably affected, I could not bear to look at her while she sung, but stood at a distance, generally listening to the words. Music I delighted in, especially, I found, since the first attack of my bumping—there were some tunes so exquisitely soothing and delightful, I could scarce hear them; and some of the words of the songs seemed to me to touch my complaint; Miss Twist, I perceived, had a particular knack in fixing upon such songs; at last there came one that completely opened my poor dull eyes; the two first verses were sufficient; I had not made complete experiment of all; but my eyes were opened, as I say: 'Thinks I to myself, that's enough,' as I whispered to my sister to beg her to repeat it, I could not help marking every word, the second time, and accompanying them with my usual soliloquies."

"When Della on the plain appears, I sung Miss Twist—'Thinks I to myself, when Emily Mandeville walks in the garden,

"Awed by a thousand tender fears, I would approach, but dared not move."

"Thinks I to myself, symptoms!—the exact case to a hair! never was any thing more plain!

"Tell me, my heart, if this be love!"

Yes, undoubtedly! Neither fever, nor pleurisy, nor peripneumony, nor phrenitis, nor a diseased liver, but love! downright love. My eyes were open—I saw."

BUTTER.

There is nothing on earth more disagreeable than bad butter. The very sight of it—to say nothing of the smell—is enough to destroy the appetite of any one, save a Hottentot or Laplander. We have before us a communication from the Genesee Farmer, wherein a method of preserving butter for almost any length of time is presented. The writer states that in the manufacture of butter nothing further is requisite than a strict regard to cleanliness;—that the number of cows—their pasture—their particular breed, are of little consequence;—and that the first pound of butter made by the Scythians 500 years before the Christian Era, if properly prepared, and hermetically sealed, would have been as palatable at the present day, as the best pound manufactured during the last season! In corroboration of this idea, he adduces the following:

"Allow me to give one fact within my own knowledge, to support this assertion. In the

summer of 1827, I had presented to me a piece of butter 21 years old, and which, to taste and smell, was as fine and sweet as the day it was churned, and for aught I know, even sweeter, for it was the very cream of butter. It had been preserved under the following circumstances: A farmer's wife, during very hot weather, had put a large roll on a pewter plate, and tied it over with a white napkin, and lowered it into a deep well to cool and fit it for the table. In withdrawing it, the string broke, and it sunk to the bottom. Twenty-one years after, the well was cleaned, and during the operation, it got loosed from its imprisonment, rose and swam on the surface, to the no small annoyance and surprise of the man who was in the well. It was carefully drawn up, as the egg of some land or sea serpent, but the goodwife soon laid the spook, and explained the mystery."

The following extract from the communication explains the method of preserving butter for any length of time. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to say whether it is a new discovery, or an old one revived. We leave our agricultural friends to settle the question.

"After the butter is made, if in warm weather, the first operation, is to put it either into a cool cellar, or into cold well or spring water, till it becomes of as hard a consistency as it can readily be worked with a ladle or paddle. In small portions work out all the milk or whey that it contains, which is best done in a wooden bowl, held in a sloping direction. You may even work it with cold water, changing it till it comes off clear, except in which case, it will need an additional quantity of salt, and if you will do it with the following compound, you will decidedly find your account in it; viz:—two parts common salt, (not too fine), one part saltpetre, and one part sugar, by measure. And above all, remember that the working must be thoroughly done, if you wish to keep it a long time, and that it can only be done when cooled down to a proper temperature; for by this process you purify it of all self-acting and putrefying particles, that are capable of spontaneous change and decomposition, and it now only wants to be kept from contact with air, to render it perfectly unchangeable. To do this, take any sweet wooden cask, tub, or firkin, that has been used at least one year before, and lost its wood flavor, or what is decidedly better, stone and earthen jars or pots, make the butter into rolls of that convenient size, that the half of one shall be fit for the table, and lay them carefully and snugly down, till the vessel is full, or within a few inches, then make a brine of cold water, as strong as salt will make it, or to saturation, and cover fairly the whole of the butter. If properly packed, it will not swim as you use from it, and if kept covered, it is as sweet and good at the end of ten years as when put down."

"It is important to be in rolls, to prevent its coming too much in contact with the wood, whereby it would receive air, and be inconvenient to come at when wanted. It is desirable to pack it in bulk and solid, for market, the best way is to work it well as above, pack down firmly, and on the top to put about a half inch of fine salt, leave it about eight or ten days and you will find it has shrunk from the side about an eighth or quarter of an inch, then head up, and through a hole in the head fill it with brine."

New England Weekly Review.

Sheffield Grinders. Terrific effects attend the occupation to which the grinders of Sheffield cutlery are subjected. Some of the goods are ground on dry, others on wet grindstones; and there is another class ground on both wet and dry. Altogether the grinders amount to about two thousand five hundred; of this number about one hundred and fifty are fork grinders; these grind dry, and die from twenty eight to thirty-two years of age. The razor grinders grind both wet and dry, and they die from forty to forty-five years of age. The table knife grinders work on wet stones, and they live to between forty and fifty years of age. Towards the close of the last century, it was found that the business of grinding had so much increased that the grinding wheels already established were insufficient. It was impossible to add to their number, and in 1786 the steam engine was resorted to. A great revolution accordingly took place in the circumstance of the grinder. He worked in a small room where there were eight or ten stones, and sometimes as many as sixteen persons employed at one time. The doors and windows are kept almost constantly closed; a great quantity of dust was developed from so many stones, and there was scarcely any circulation of air to carry it away. The steam engine, unlike the stream that had formerly supplied his wheel, allowed him no season of relaxation; it worked on an average of eleven hours in a day, and six days in the week. The grinders began to reside more generally in the town; most of them lived near their respective wheels; their habits became less temperate, whilst the steady and industrious having now an opportunity of working as

terms of THE CONSTELLATION, are allowed a commission of ten per cent.